

Appletons' *Popular Science Monthly.*

Edited by WILLIAM JAY YOUMANS.

The Popular Science Monthly is not a technical magazine.

It is the pioneer in educational improvement, and is the best periodical for people who think.

All its articles are by writers of long practical acquaintance with their subjects, and are written in such a manner as to be readily understood.

It deals particularly with those general and practical subjects which are of the greatest interest and importance to the people at large.

Illustrations, from drawings or photographs, are freely used in all cases in which the text may be thereby elucidated.

Examination of any recent number will fully confirm the foregoing.

\$5.00 per annum; single copy, 50 cents.

D. APPLETON & CO., Publishers,
72 Fifth Avenue, New York.



LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Sixth Series,
Volume IV. }

No. 2634. — December 29, 1894.

{ From Beginning,
Vol CCIII.

CONTENTS.

I. GIBRALTAR. By E. Mitchell, . . .	<i>Temple Bar</i> , . . .	771
II. A RELUCTANT EVANGELIST, . . .	<i>National Review</i> , . . .	776
III. THE EASTERN HINDU KUSH. By Algernon Durand, . . .	<i>Contemporary Review</i> , . . .	788
IV. RICHARD JEFFERIES AS A DESCRIPTIVE WRITER. By Irving Muntz, . . .	<i>Gentleman's Magazine</i> , . . .	794
V. THE TREES AND FLOWERS OF TENNYSON, . . .	<i>Temple Bar</i> , . . .	807
VI. BURNING QUESTIONS OF JAPAN. By A. Henry Savage-Landor, . . .	<i>Fortnightly Review</i> , . . .	812
VII. BRIGANDAGE PAST AND PRESENT, . . .	<i>Gentleman's Magazine</i> , . . .	823
Title and Index to Volume CCIII.		

POETRY.

CHRYSANTHEMUMS,	770	"AT PUERI LUDENTES, REX ERIS	
"THINKIN' LONG,"	770	AIUNT —"	770

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
LITTELL & CO., BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

For EIGHT DOLLARS remitted directly to the Publishers, the LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, free of postage.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office money-order, if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks, and money-orders should be made payable to the order of LITTELL & Co.

Single copies of the LIVING AGE, 18 cents.

CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

He lured me from the firelit room
 Adown the garden path, to see
 The white chrysanthemums in bloom
 Beneath the cherry-tree.
 And while the autumn twilight fell
 In tender shadow at our feet,
 He told me that he loved me well,
 In accents silver sweet.

I heeded not the faded leaves ;
 I never heard the wailing wind
 Which mourned amid the silent eaves
 For summer left behind.
 The golden hours might all depart ;
 I knew not that the day had flown—
 My sunshine lay within the heart
 That beat so near my own.

Now, spring has come with flower and bird ;
 And softly o'er the garden walls,
 By warm south breezes flushed and stirred,
 The perfumed blossom falls.
 New buds are on the hedgeside spray ;
 New grasses fringe the country lane ;
 But never in the old sweet way
 Shall we two stand again.

My mother clasps my listless hand,
 And tells me that the roses blow,
 While all about the happy land
 Drifts fragrant hawthorn snow.
 But looking from my lonely room
 Adown the path, I only see
 Some white chrysanthemums in bloom
 Beneath a cherry-tree !

Chambers' Journal.

E. MATHESON.

"AT PUERI LUDENTES, REX ERIS,
 AIUNT—"

THE changeless cliffs rise from the chang-
 ing sea ;
 About their heads cloud-shadows come
 and go,
 And bicker with the sunlight shiftingly
 On summer waves that toss and swirl
 below.

'Twas such a day as this that you and I,
 Boy-wanderers 'mongst the seaweed and
 the shell,
 Climbed to yon distant rock that rises high
 Beyond the bay—a jagged sentinel.

There where on slippery ledges sea-birds
 rest
 And the still cormorant watches for his
 prey,

Where the great ocean rolled in crest by
 crest,
 To break beneath our feet in foaming
 spray,

We sat long hours. High o'er the thun-
 dering tide
 Seaward we gazed, and scanned the un-
 known world,
 Into whose fateful ocean we should glide
 Like that far ship with sunlit sails un-
 furled.

For you the soldier's fame, the medalled
 breast ;
 For me the poet's crown— Ah, youth-
 ful dreams !
 On no tired wing did young ambition rest,
 But soared aloft amid the sea-gulls'
 screams.

Has the rock held, through all these pass-
 ing years,
 The echo of our words, that now they
 float
 Upon the landward breeze to my sad ears,
 Whispering such thoughts of careless
 days remote ?

"These were your young ambitions," voices
 call
 With mocking laughter o'er the summer
 sea.

"What have you done ? Behold how far
 the fall
 From the things promised to the things
 that be !"

Temple Bar.

MAY.

"THINKIN' LONG."

OCH, when we lived in ould Glenann
 Meself could lift a song !
 An' ne'er an hour by day or dark
 Would I be thinkin' long.

The weary wind might take the roof,
 The rain might lay the corn,
 We'd up an' look for better luck
 About the morrow's morn.

But since we come away from there,
 An' far across the say,
 I still have wrought an' still have thought,
 The way I'm doin' the day.

An' now we're quarely better fixed,
 In tr. th, th' are nothin' wrong !
 But many a time, by rain an' shine,
 I do be thinkin' long.
 Spectator. MOIRA O'NEILL.

From Temple Bar.

GIBRALTAR.

GIBRALTAR, a fortress, a colony and a prison, is a bright and beautiful jewel of our beloved queen and empress of India.

A gem on the bosom of the Atlantic and Mediterranean Seas, it stands deservedly high in importance to Great Britain, especially as regards the military and civil element, our ocean commerce, and the royal navy. It is only two and a half miles long, and considerably less than a mile wide, but it is a first-class fortress, armed with heavy, long-ranging rifle cannon, virtually our Mediterranean quadrilateral, with Malta, Cyprus, and Egypt, containing the important naval establishment and powerful garrison of several infantry regiments, companies of the Royal Engineers, and a large force of the scientific arm of the service—the Royal Artillery. It is, moreover, a good rendezvous for our fleet and mercantile marine, and a depot for military stores, provisions, and all the necessary material, should war's banners be unfurled.

Gibraltar proper, virtually occupies a peninsula which guards the passage between the Atlantic Ocean and the Mediterranean. It is a favorite military and naval station, wherein officers of both services can resign for the season their professional cares for lighter joys. Its works of defence, its bomb-proof batteries and lilliput fortresses heavily armed, more resemble the bulwarks of nature than those by the hand of man. They are well grouped together, even if in a small area, because Gibraltar in no case exceeds three-quarters of a mile in breadth. The rock rises abruptly from the low, sand, peninsula-like isthmus to about fourteen hundred feet above the level of the sea. From its summit a view is obtained of unique sublimity. It can only be appreciated when seen, and therefore my readers will kindly excuse me if I fail to properly word-paint it. The mighty Mediterranean Sea stretches away in the background, alike shadowy and grand in scenic

beauty, steamers and shipping ever traversing its waters. In another direction, the Atlantic Ocean and expanded waters of the Bay of Biscay, washing the shores of Spain, are prominent features.

Gibraltar was known to the Greeks and Romans as Calpe or Abyla. The strip of land near Ceuta was named Abyla. For many centuries they formed the renowned pillars of Hercules, the then limit of ocean enterprise and commerce. Its strategical value to England is of paramount importance, being really the key of the position along which the merchants of the world pass upon the seas upon their lawful occasions. If, unfortunately, this country were engaged in war, with France and Russia combined against her, we might find ourselves in "queer street" without Gibraltar. Of course the peninsula is much exposed to the destructive energies of the ocean waves. Sometimes the sea is calm and almost motionless, a picture of a vast plain of azure-like glass. At other times dark clouds chase each other over its surface, peals of thunder and forked lightning are heard and seen, and then the waves become lurid-like in their aspect and break with a roar on the peninsula.

The ocean's surfy, slow, deep mellow voice, full of awe and mystery, breaks night and day against the rocks, moaning, as it were, over the dead it holds in its bosom, for the sea is the largest of all cemeteries, and its slumberers sleep without monuments. In other graveyards distinction is shown between the grave of the peer and that of the peasant, but in the sea and ocean, closely encircling our precious possession, Gibraltar, the same waves roll over all, and the same requiem is by the minstrelsy of the ocean sung in their honor. The same storm beats, and the same sun shines over their remains, but their graves are unmarked.

It is the general and popular belief that Gibraltar is an impregnable fortress, but grave doubts have arisen during the last twenty-five years as to

whether "The Rock" is really the impenetrable quadrilateral it is generally supposed to be. All political parties of the State appear to be agreed that if there are any defects they should be rectified, hence the action of the government in sending out the Duke of Cambridge to inspect and report upon the necessary requirements, the absolute necessary strength of the garrison, and other material and detailed matter.

So long ago as 1858, Major-General Mitchell, Royal Artillery, the founder of the school of gunnery, Shoeburyness, and its first commandant, foresaw the value of rifle ordnance, and its possible effect upon isolated fortresses. We find on reference to the report on Ordnance, presented to Parliament on the 25th of July, 1862, he writes from Shoeburyness, under date 9th February, 1858: "The very extraordinary power of range and precision of fire exhibited at Shoeburyness on the 26th and 27th ultimo, from a breech-loading gun of Mr. Armstrong's invention, appears to me to afford a reasonable expectation that artillery will not only regain that influence in the field, of which to a certain extent the recent introduction of improved small-arms has deprived it, but that that influence would be most materially increased." Major-General Mitchell was a member of the select committee, and addressed the letter in question to General Cator, the president, in order to bring the subject specially before the committee, and so endeavor to induce the committee to make a report.

The case, therefore, as regards Gibraltar being impregnable seems, as it were, to be within the four corners of a narrow brief. Experiments at Shoeburyness have shown that an Armstrong shell can be thrown 9,176 yards—about five and a third miles. It is therefore abundantly clear that if all the fleet were temporarily absent, either on some special mission or dispersed by a storm, hostile ironclads taking up a position within four miles of the eastward of Europa Point, might with impunity send shot and

shell into the outlying parts of the fortress and cause much destruction of life and property. On the other hand, the governor of the fortress would not be idle, and the experiences of the late civil war in America have abundantly proved that the cannon in fortresses, if they strike a ship of war with their projectiles even at long range, may do considerable mischief; while, on the other hand, many shot and shell may strike a fort and only do trifling damage. The Russian "Wasp" battery of the Crimea was a notable instance of this. Moreover, guns in forts are not subject to movement, and those in ships are, tending to prevent accuracy of aim. Fort Sumter was attacked on the 7th of April, 1863, by seven ironclad monitors and one ironclad double-turreted vessel, and after an action which lasted two hours and twenty-five minutes, the ironclad fleet was compelled to retire; the turreted vessel, the Keokuk, sunk shortly after the engagement (near Morris Island) in consequence of the injuries she had received. The fort suffered very little.

It is practically impossible to throw shot or shell over the high part of the rock near Spain, and the cannon ensconced in the unique rock galleries, with their royal artillery gun detachments, would be absolutely safe. Even if the neutral ground between Gibraltar and Spain were occupied by a hostile foe, comparatively little damage would be the result. During the writer's stay at Gibraltar it was considered desirable to try the experiment of firing upwards from the plain on the Spanish side into the galleries, dummies being placed to represent the necessary gun detachments. A regiment several hundred strong were accordingly placed in position, and supplied with ball cartridges. The range, however, was unknown, and the fire being directed upwards, it was fully an hour before any of the dummies were hit, after the expenditure of much ammunition. In actual warfare, of course, the British rifle sharpshooters must have picked off their foes by firing downwards from the galleries. Bomb-proof barracks

and hospitals are potent factors against the horrors of bombardment, and there is little doubt that there is ample room at Gibraltar for some amendment on this head. The governor, who resides at the convent, is usually an officer of the Scientific Corps, the Royal Artillery, or the Royal Engineers, and this is as it should be.

The number of garrison guards is so great that two field officers are occupied most of the day and night in visiting and inspecting them. Military precision in reports of any unusual occurrence is also insisted upon. A few years ago a luckless tourist, late one evening, tumbled over the cliff, and fell over six hundred feet on the rocks below, and was killed. The officer in charge of the guard close by, however, made no mention of the fact in his guard report next morning, but inserted in it the usual statement that nothing extraordinary had occurred. The fort major, however, required an explanation, and sent for the officer; but he was a shrewd Scotchman, and replied that he was of opinion there was nothing extraordinary in the fact that if a gentleman tumbled over six hundred feet he would be killed, but if on the other hand he had escaped scot free the incident would have been worthy of a special paragraph in the guard report.

During the reign of that popular governor, General Sir Fenwick Williams of Kars, two officers of the garrison were captured by Spanish brigands, and as they appeared to be in danger of being deprived of their noses and a few of their fingers, unless a ransom was paid, the gallant old warrior promptly ordered the box wherein the treasure lay, otherwise the commissariat chest, to be opened, and caused the necessary payment to be made. He gently pressed on the Spanish government the necessity of repayment, and there was no difficulty in the matter. Centralization, however, was the order of the day, and some civilian in the War Office contrived to get a wigging sent to the gallant general for not having in the first instance consulted that august department. If my mem-

ory serves me correctly, the governor took no notice of it, realizing the fact that it took him much less time to read than the composition took the War Office civilian official. He mentioned to the writer the remarkable fact that before he entered the Royal Artillery he was eight years and a half a cadet, namely, six years at the Royal Military Academy, and two and a half years at home with his friends on half-a-crown a day, the pay of a cadet. We commend this fact to the notice of gentlemen who now receive their commissions as captains in about twelve years, and spend about two years at the Military Colleges, and do much growling at the slowness of promotion.

The facility for obtaining, and the extreme cheapness of wine, heavily handicaps the military authorities as regards Mr. Thomas Atkins. He is not accustomed to the wine—at other stations he gets beer or porter—and finding it cheap, he often drinks too much, and in consequence he makes acquaintance with a place facetiously known as "The House that Jack Built," "The Dark Cells," etc.

The far-famed gardens of the Alameda are a fair substitute for the English country walks and London parks, wherein our gallant defenders frequently disport themselves in attendance on Muriel Jane or Ethel Anne and the "pram" children. It is perhaps beside the question that the children frequently experience the doubtful benefit of Kingsley's "North Easter," which carries in its train, coughs, colds, etc., but at Gibraltar the south wind is more frequent. Driving through the town up to the signal-station affords a series of enchanting views, interspersed with old Moorish remains. There are many gems of landscape, but Alpine grandeur and prairie continuity are absent. The wind, usually laden with salt spray, blows upon you even near the signal-station, but when once you have arrived there you find most interesting and enchanting scenery. The climate is somewhat enervating, but delicious beyond description is the perfume emitted from the blossom of

the fruit-bearing-tree, especially on a calm evening after some rainfall. Then the sun shines out in subdued brightness and splendor, gilding the Rock and its numerous batteries and guns with its fading beams. Sometimes the perfume is so powerful that one is almost tempted to fancy the realization of those fairy lands of ancient fable where gorgeous palaces, inhabited by rich and happy princes, were fanned each livelong day by balmy breezes heavily laden with odorous incense. It is a comfort to know that if even Spain, Russia, and France were combined against it, and even if the enemy should successfully bombard certain portions of the Rock and the town (which doubtless the inhabitants would not like), his powers of complete destruction would be curtailed by the red-lipped cannon, especially by those mounted in the natural caves.

A large floating dock in Gibraltar like the self-paying one at Bermuda would be a great acquisition to the naval establishment, which is at present somewhat inadequate, and finds difficulty in keeping pace with modern requirements. It would seem a remnant of barbarism if Gibraltar were left in any degree less than impregnable, and we feel sure that whatever may be necessary in consequence of his Royal Highness's report, will be forthcoming. It is well known that the House of Commons is never stingy except when it suspects a job. Ill-natured people, however, say that the War Office is usually stingy except when it creates one. As, however, Lord Randolph Churchill, in a speech delivered at Wolverhampton, is reported to have told his constituents "that the clerks at tenpence an hour do all the real work at the War Office," the public ought to make great allowances for any shortcomings on the part of that department.

The Spanish lotteries sadly foster the spirit of gambling among the officers and soldiers. The tickets are largely sold in the garrison, but the lotteries are genuine, and if you do draw a prize, you are absolutely certain of re-

ceiving its full value. Communication with England is now so frequent that the officers' messes get their newspapers almost daily, though of course four or five days after date. No doubt in the event of war, floating batteries and torpedoes would play an important part in the defence, as wood and chain booms.

The rock fever is unpleasant and weakening, and an attack of it usually necessitates some sick-leave, as complete change of air is generally considered absolutely necessary.

Gibraltar has been the theatre of many sieges. The first appears to have taken place in 1309, when Alonzo Perez de Guzman took possession of it for Ferdinand IV. of Spain. The real value of the Rock was evidently discovered and appreciated by the Moors in the eighth century, when they erected a fortress upon it. In 1315 there was a second siege, but the invaders were beaten off; however, in 1333 Vasco Perez lost Gibraltar. A fourth siege to get it back took place in vain in 1344, and in 1349 there was a fifth siege. The sixth resulted in Gibraltar being transferred from the hands of the king of Morocco to those of Yussef III. of Grenada. The seventh siege by the Spanish Count Niebla Enrico de Guzman was disastrous to the besiegers. In 1462 an eighth siege brought Gibraltar once more under Christian rule. By a ninth siege the Duke of Medina Sidonia contrived to get himself, son and heir, created perpetual governors of the Rock. In 1501 the fortress was formally incorporated with the domains of the crown of Spain, and there was a tenth siege in 1506 by the Duke Don Juan trying to recover possession.

The pirates of Algiers made a furious attack on the Rock in 1540, the object being to recover it for Mahomet, but the besiegers were repulsed after a bitter conflict, and immediate steps were taken to strengthen the works of nature by those of art, so that the Rock eventually became a model first-class fortress. During the war of the Spanish succession, the combined Dutch and English fleets under Sir George

Rock captured the fortress. In 1704 Spain closely invested Gibraltar both by sea and land, but after a bitter six months' siege the invaders retired. The apes of Barbary still find protection under the British flag, and are often seen from the signal-station.

The galleries on the north and north-west fronts are unique, and so wide that an ordinary carriage can pass through them. They have been hewn out of the solid rock by the Royal Engineers. A good sea wall extends round the western base of Gibraltar, and a number of old obsolete cannon have, within the last twenty years, been gradually removed, and replaced by those of more modern calibre. The rifle ordnance manufactured by the world-renowned firm of Lord Armstrong, Mitchell & Co., are largely sprinkled through the defences. If a tourist wishes to sketch, he must obtain special permission to do so, for the governor is like the secretary of state for war as regards Queen's Warrants, and is *imperium in imperio*. He can subject all the civil population to various stringent rules, and if his orders are disobeyed, the offender has to look forward to a dissolving view of himself from Gibraltar.

White poplar, the pepper tree, ilex, pine, are among the principal trees, and the Rock is a floral garden in the months of January and February. Partridges and woodcocks, rabbits and pigeons, afford some sport, and the Barbary apes are sure to be seen at times about the higher and eastern parts of the Rock, but they are not allowed to be molested. The convict establishment was abolished in 1878, the convicts being very troublesome, and the establishment very expensive. Most of the population are Roman Catholics, and as the fort has been free since 1705, there is said to be a good deal of smuggling among the population, now about twenty thousand; among them being a fair sprinkling of tag-rag and bobtail residents in the shape of low class Spaniards, Portuguese and Italians. The annual cost of the military establishment is about

£350,000. As a port of call an enormous trade appears to be done in the bay. There is a good naval hospital, built in 1771, fitted, as the house agents say, with all conveniences, and if we remember rightly, containing stables for the Horse Marines.

The streets and lanes generally are narrow, and the incongruous mixture of houses of all sorts and kinds of architecture is very remarkable.

A naval ball on board one of the ships occasionally takes place and adds to the delight of the fortress. A bountiful supply of oranges is much appreciated by soldiers and the residents. The signal-station is continually at work, signalling the in-coming and out-going steamers, which sweep round the rugged breakwater with its strangely patterned yellow lighthouse into the bay, generally letting go an anchor, while the passengers with boat-loads of baggage and parcels are discharged.

The final sieges of Gibraltar in 1781 and 1782 are memorable instances of what the British army can do when commanded by men of high character and calibre.

The attacking army amounted to forty thousand men. The Duke of Crillon commanded twelve thousand of the best troops of France. One thousand pieces of artillery were brought to bear against the fortress, besides which there were forty-seven sail of the line, all three-deckers, ten great floating batteries, esteemed invincible, carrying two hundred and twelve guns, innumerable frigates, xebèques, bomb-ketches, cutters, and gun and mortar boats, while small craft for disembarking the forces covered the bay. For weeks together six thousand shells were daily thrown into the town, and on a single occasion eight thousand barrels of gunpowder were expended by the enemy. Yet in one night their floating batteries were destroyed with red-hot balls, and their whole line of works annihilated by a sortie from the garrison commanded by General Elliott, November 27, 1781. The enemy's loss in munitions of war, on this night alone, was estimated at upwards of £2,000,000

sterling. But their grand defeat by a garrison of only seven thousand British occurred September 13, 1782.

Young ladies whose motto is, *Ah, que j'aime les militaires!* find responsive echoes all over Gibraltar; indeed, the Rock has been likened to a red ant-hill. Traversing the barrack-like town, you meet red-coated guards and sentries in white tunics, artillerymen in some other uniform, squads of men returning from rifle practice at the neutral ground, and numerous officers and Tommy Atkinses, posing as military gentlemen, taking their pleasure. No doubt, the narrow limits of the Rock are influenced by the color of the coat. The Oriental origin of the houses is self-evident. There are plenty of flat-roofed edifices, overhanging foliage, rugged white wall, and cell-like window, but there is a counterbalancing element in the shape of street names — Victoria Terrace or Nelson Place, for instance. Incongruous elements abound amongst the shops, with their curious advertisements of retailing Bass's Pale Ale, ginger beer, or lemonade. Jack Tars in white, on leave from their ships, are sprinkled among the street passengers. There is a fine race-course on the isthmus, and a wonderful garrison library, with all sorts and conditions of excellent books.

The peninsula of Spain, the queen of Spain's chair, and the far-distant mountains of Ronda are visible, and it is a glorious sight in fine weather to witness the setting sun sinking, as it were, in the broad Atlantic, in a bath of golden dying light.

The Calpe Hunt has usually many patrons among the ladies and gentlemen of the garrison, and rides in Spain are among the attractions. An agreeable one day's excursion into Africa can often be taken, and it is pleasant to take a five or six hours' run up the Mediterranean, in the English steamer which usually leaves weekly for Malaga. There is frequent communication with Cadiz, Seville, and Grenada, at which latter place are the marvellous Alhambra buildings. But it is time to say adieu to the majestic Calpe.

I was there in 1873, but it seems like yesterday that the black smoke curled from the funnel of the troopship, and the screw lashed the water into foam, as we went on our way. Very soon the windows of the houses became indistinct, and the trees of the Alameda blended with the Rock; but away we went, and finally Gibraltar seemed contracted into one dimension, which gradually faded from our sight.

Gibraltar seems likely to soon be brought prominently before the public, inasmuch as a very influential deputation on the subject of its national importance, and the necessity of keeping pace with the times, has waited on Lord Rosebery, K.G. (this summer), and has been permitted to express its views, to which the premier promised consideration.

E. MITCHELL,

Colonel, late Royal Engineers.

From The National Review.

A RELUCTANT EVANGELIST.

IN the ladies' saloon of the Amazon I first made the acquaintance of Mrs. Fairfax. The surroundings of our first meeting were hardly propitious, for we were neither of us at our best. The Amazon was still in the tropics, and, while the heat was stifling, a heavy sea was running, and above and on all sides a sullen grey sky touched a still greyer expanse of dreary, towering waves.

The Caribbean Sea is never famed for its smoothness, and we had not even a favorable example, as some of us found to our cost. We were somewhere between Haiti and Barbadoes, and already the atmosphere of glamour that clings around the "fairy islands of the west" was passing away.

Enthusiastic tourists were fast forgetting their raptures over the mystic blues of the jagged island peaks, and their admiration of the tangles of strange trees and flowers, in their keen desire to reach home and its comforts once more. Already at this distance memories of the beauties they had left

were becoming overshadowed by yet more vivid recollections of the tough steaks they had vainly battled with, and the innumerable tins of condensed milk and doubtful butter that had been sacrificed in the futile endeavor to allay their healthy English appetites.

Their eyes and imaginations had indeed been feasted by the beauties of nature, but where the West Indies are concerned, tropical abundance comes to a standstill at the kitchen door. Through the open window of the saloon I could hear a returning passenger, satiated with clammy bananas, and the inevitable yam, declaiming to a sympathetic although limited audience on the superior merits of good English cream and bread and butter over all the boasted delicacies of the tropics.

His remarks were acquiesced in from time to time by his appreciative hearers, but although sound in themselves, they struck me as rather cruel; but then I was not a fair judge, for I was ill myself, being a bad sailor. It was in consequence of the "cruel empire of the wave" that I had retired into the ladies' saloon in search of such peace and quiet as the groaning, creaking steamer could afford, content to remain a helpless and forlorn bundle of humanity on the hard and narrow cushions of that uninteresting asylum.

I was not, however, alone, for on the opposite bench lay another bundle even more forlorn-looking than myself.

The ladies' saloon was not a pleasant place, although, if I may believe the handbook of the steamship company, it had been "fitted up regardless of expense in the most costly and elegant modern style." It certainly had plenty of carved woodwork of shining yellow maple full of "eyes."

I never admired maple wood, and I have hated it ever since, for during the many weary hours I lay there helpless, the countless "eyes" appeared to my feverish brain to take shape, and to stare down on me with relentless and heartless disdain. The cushions, although covered with an expensive figured rep of a violent blue, were stiff and unyielding, and the raised pattern

made dented marks on one's cheek if one tried to rest one's head against its surface for more than a minute at a time. A couple of plates filled with the unappetizing relics of an uneaten meal stood on the fixed round table in the corner, and the odor of stale food added to the faint and detestable smell of weak brandy and water, with which the stewardess had felt it her duty to provide us, pervaded the whole cabin. I had not touched my share, neither had my companion hers, we had both been far too wretched; and so the two glasses stood side by side with a would-be convivial air that only seemed to make them appear the more melancholy.

As the afternoon wore on, the sea grew calmer, and passive weakness succeeded to abject misery. I began to wish the stewardess would come, if only to take away those horrible plates, in which heaps of stodgy-looking potatoes were cooling in a pool of fat gravy beside a congealed mutton chop.

Speculations arose in my mind as to whether it would not be advisable to risk a downfall, and to get outside into the fresh air, in spite of the grey clouds and the fine rain that could still be seen descending through the nearest skylight; to wonder if I should be "all right" by the next day, and lastly to take a perfunctory interest in my unfortunate fellow-sufferer on the opposite bench. I had not as yet seen her face, for she was lying huddled up in a large knitted shawl, worn evidently more for the purpose of concealing any deficiencies in her attire than for warmth.

I felt some curiosity who she could be, and then I dimly remembered a tall man with a fair little woman and two children coming on board at Jacmel.

There had been some surprise at seeing European passengers from such a port at the time. It came back to me now that some one had said the man was a missionary, and that he was sending home his wife and family for the summer, although he himself remained in Haiti.

The woman that came on board was

sick with fever, for she had to be carried to her cabin, and as I knew all the other passengers by sight, I felt this must be her.

It would be a horrible fate to be obliged to spend the rest of one's life in Haiti, I meditated, beautiful as its shores had appeared to us as we passed by it hour after hour on the previous week. We had been at times so near to it that the heavy scent of some flowering bush or tree had actually perfumed the air, but in spite of its entrancing scenery it must be an awful place for any English woman to live in.

My poor neighbor was no doubt heart-broken at having to leave her husband in such a place alone. She must love him very much to stand such an isolated life herself; cut off as they must have been from all white and, indeed, civilized society.

At this point in my reflections I was abruptly interrupted by a voice. Not a loud voice by any means, but of a somewhat metallic quality, and with an unmistakably Cockney accent that plainly denoted its origin, and told, moreover, that its owner was not an educated woman.

The voice uttered these remarkable words without any useless prologue or introduction:—

"Don't you think a woman is sometimes justified in leaving her husband?"

I was so startled that I could find no answer, and the voice repeated the question, in a slightly higher key and with a suppressed ring of impatience in its tones.

This time I regained enough composure to make some weak and vague answer to the effect that it depended possibly on the circumstances of the case, but my neighbor was not going to let the subject rest so easily, for at this commonplace reply, she half rose up on her seat.

Her white shawl had in the exertion partly fallen off her head and shoulders, and revealed a tumbled shirt minus a collar. I was able thus for the first time to look at her.

She was a little woman, apparently

about thirty years of age, and in her own style still rather pretty, although her face bore traces of illness and a bad climate.

In spite, however, of the general sallowness of her complexion, a red spot now burnt in each thin cheek, and gave her a fictitious air of health for the moment.

Her hair was very abundant, fair and wavy, and although her dress was untidy and even dirty, she wore it much frizzed, and pinned with some attempt at care about her head.

Her eyes were round and of a bright light blue. They were distinctly fine eyes, but rather too hard and glittering to be pleasing, and somehow seemed to match her voice.

"Are you better now? Can you talk?" she asked rather fretfully. "I am better and I want to talk—to talk now; later in the evening I am sure to be bad again with that horrid fever. It's just like that, you know," she continued, in answer to my languid nod of sympathy, "as sure as the clock strikes seven the fever comes on, and then I'm good for nothing, but burning and shivering by turns for the rest of the night. I thought perhaps once on board where there are no clocks it might leave me in peace, but, bless you, that fever wants no clocks to tell it when it's to fall on me. It's a great deal too knowing to be dependent on clocks.

"I want some one to talk to, for I am feeling dreadfully lonely, and that stewardess, although she's nice enough, has all her work to see to, and can't wait. Yes, she's an obliging woman too, I dare say, but of course she's got her own living to look to, and so she's got to be forever running after those rich ladies who can afford to pay her well. She knows, of course, I can't give her much, and so it's natural.

"You wonder at my wanting so to talk to any one, but if you had been living in Haiti for a year without saying so much as good-day to a Christian white woman, let alone another lady, you'd soon understand. I nearly went crazy with the loneliness of the life

sometimes. Yes—of course I had my children. That Mrs. Smith, who has the opposite cabin to me, is looking after the little girl now—I'm far too bad to attempt it myself—and as to the boy—well! he can shift for himself right enough. He has to, poor little chap, for Mr. Fairfax—that's my husband, you know—never can spare the time to see after him. He's got so much to do with the prayer meetings and studies and so on, and I'm sure even if I were well, which I'm not, I never could look after a big boy of his age.

"I married over young, you see," she went on, "far too young I think sometimes, and of course I cannot manage a big rough boy of ten, although he is a fine fellow in spite of the last year in that horrid Haiti."

I am afraid she said "horrid 'Aiti," but I will be generous, and supply all her missing aspirates.

"Did you ever live in Haiti?" she questioned eagerly. "No? Lucky for you you have not, for it's just the most awful God-forsaken place in the world, and such horrid black people—so rude and disobliging, with such vile tempers.

"It's most unhealthy too, leastwise where we were, and that is why my husband had to send me and the children home, for I was so ill I could stay no longer. The doctor said it would be sure to kill me if I stayed on another summer," she added with a singular note of triumph in her voice. Her ill-health and its consequences were evidently causes for jubilation in her mind, and although, as I listened to her words, my dreams as to her wifely devotion were rapidly melting away, I could not altogether wonder at her mental attitude. "My husband says I am to come back in six months when I am better; but I shan't get better, at least, not to be well enough to come back," she added confidently. "I know I shan't, for I'd die sooner—far, far sooner than go back to that horrid hole."

Her eyes blazed as she spoke. The pink spots in each hollow cheek be-

came scarlet with excitement, while her voice was hoarse with indignation at the idea.

"Ah! you wonder at seeing me look so angry," she said, after a pause, and more calmly, "but I have a right to be so. Just listen, and I'll tell you the whole of my story, and then say if any woman has not a right to feel taken in. Mind, I'm not saying that Mr. Fairfax is not a good man, and clever too in his way. Some folks over in England think he's even doing a fine thing for coming out here, and call it grand, and goodness knows what rubbish besides. And as a minister that may be all very fine, but as my husband, John Fairfax, I consider he's treated me shamefully—been as downright cruel to me and the children as though he'd beaten and starved us, and yet he's preaching forever and ever about our duties in life. I'd like to duty him, and show him what I think about it, I can tell you.

"Little did I think when I married him— But there, no one knows how husbands will turn out. They're the chanciest things in life, and many the steady lad that turns out a brute, and the larkly one as true as steel.

"I'm a London girl, you know—at least, I was. My father lives in Holloway, and is a watchmaker by trade. I suppose I'm Yorkshire now, for Mr. Fairfax comes from somewhere near Leeds, where all his folks live. I was a neat-handed girl, and quick, and I was apprenticed to a milliner in Oxford Street. A splendid business she had, too, and beautiful hats and bonnets did she make, such as it was a pleasure to handle—none of those two-and-elevenpence-three-farthings rubbish of flowers and feathers did you catch our madame using, but always the best of materials right through; and of course she asked prices to match. I did enjoy those bonnets," she added pensively, after an instant's pause.

"My father was nothing in particular, but my mother went to chapel, and Mr. Fairfax came to help the minister at our chapel soon after I took up with the bonnets. He lodged in the house

next door to ours, and he saw me at the Bible-class and at our summer treat; and well—I was a pretty girl. I can say it now that my looks are gone, for I've grown a perfect fright since I left England, and he pretty soon came to my father and asked leave to marry me.

"It sounded a very good chance for me then, and as my poor mother never fancied my being in the millinery herself, thinking it a worldly sort of business, she jumped at Mr. Fairfax, so to say.

"I liked him, of course, well enough, but I was not so pleased as they were, for I thought I would rather wait and have some fun first before I settled down; but still I let myself be persuaded into it. Poor things," she added, with a genuine sigh, "we none of us guessed then what kind of man Mr. Fairfax would turn out."

"Is he then unkind to you?" I asked, with hesitation, for difficulties between husband and wife are best left alone by outsiders.

"Unkind! oh dear me, no! He worships the very ground I walk on, I believe; but that's just what makes it all the worse. If he'd been downright bad, it would have been of course easy enough to have let him take his own line, while I and the children took mine; you'll soon understand how it is.

"Well, as I was telling you, we were married—I had a white worked muslin dress and a bit of real orange flower in my bonnet, which I trimmed myself and beautifully too, having had, of course, plenty of practice at madame's. My husband by this time had been appointed to a little chapel of his own down near Sheffield. He was known as a preacher in these parts, and he was liked, for he was a fine preacher, and the miners up there, rough as they are, thought all the world of him. They would come for miles to hear him, and the chapel was always crowded. We were getting on beautifully, and to my dying day I shall always believe he was really doing good there.

"Such a nice little home as we had

too, for we had nice furniture and two splendid clocks—one a gilt one, like a lion, in a glass case, and one in white marble, given him by some of the congregations he had preached to—and a real silver cream-jug that was presented by the Sabbath School in London.

"I have had to leave them all; but oh! I was proud of them, for they seemed to show how he was appreciated.

"We had three children then—the two I have now and a baby girl. They were all such fine children, and so healthy and rosy. Oh! it was a nice time, and every one praised Mr. Fairfax far and near, and said what a lot of good he had done already in the town. I was as happy a woman as you could wish to see, and a happy woman I might be still but for the nonsensical ideas Mr. Fairfax chose all of a sudden to take up, although he likes to persuade himself it was a call."

"But how on earth did you come out to Jacmel?" I asked in some perplexity. Her history as she had related it seemed thus far such a peculiarly unfit prelude to her present career.

"You may well ask," she retorted quickly. "One day Mr. Fairfax came down from the Public Library which he used to subscribe to, being fond of reading. He had a big brown book under his arm. He was always a great scholar, but I never saw any book take his fancy as this one seemed to do. He would not leave it to listen to anything I had to tell him, and after supper he just sat down again and read and read as if his life depended on it. He was like a man bewitched, and although I kept trying to tell him that the garden gate was broken and must be mended that night, Sheffield boys being like most other boys, dreadful hard on gooseberries, and ours just getting ripe, so it really was important; he just said, 'Don't bother about such a trifle, Jessie,' and went on reading, more as if he were dazed or in a dream.

"That book was a cursed book to me—I must say it, although it was writ-

ten by some very great man, called Sir Somebody Saint John, and I believe a minister too.

"Do you fancy," she interposed enquiringly, "that he could be descended from the apostle?"

"No—well, I thought not myself, although by the way Mr. Fairfax studied that book you would have imagined the real St. John was nowhere beside this one. The book, anyhow, was all about Haiti, and that was the first as ever I heard of the horrid place.

"Mr. Fairfax became quite changed from the day he read it. He got silent and moody, and took to taking long walks by himself right up on the moors, and would come in tired out and hardly say a word or notice his food or the children or anything, and if he did talk he said the oddest things: that he felt ashamed of staying at home in luxury in England while such a place as Haiti existed; that he was bound as a minister of the Gospel to preach the truth to all heathens, and yet here was an island full of worse than heathens that no missionaries seemed to think of going near.

"Missionaries have more sense—they know it's work thrown away," she here remarked viciously, with a flash of her blue eyes; "but he talked and he talked, and he thought and he thought, until at last he became fairly crazy about it all. He firmly believed he had what he called a 'special call,' but I thought it was only just worrying over it all as he had done; but the more I said he had much better stay comfortably where he was and be thankful for all his mercies, the more I believe he got set on his own idea.

"He used to get angry with me sometimes, and call me a snare and a stumbling-block, which was a burning shame, for I had been always a good wife to him, and kept his house well, and the children were beautiful, as any one who knew me then would tell you, and after ten years of married life it is hard to be called names, for what's a snare and stumbling-block but names, I should like to know? And after all I

was only trying to have common sense for both. However, the end of it all was, he would not listen to reason, but goes off to London by himself to see some missionary society there, and when he came back there was a tone in his voice and a light in his eyes I did not like a bit.

"It was no use talking to him now. He would not even listen to me; but one evening he came in after one of his long rambles on the moors, and he talked to me beautiful. It was better than any of his sermons I had ever heard. He was so kind and gentle, too, and said he knew I would be a brave little woman, and not cause him to be a worthless minister, and make him curse the day he married me, and place a stumbling-block on his way to heaven.

"He spoke beautiful, for no one could speak like him when he chose, although, like most preachers, he kept that chiefly for his pulpit, and although I felt just the same in my inmost heart, he melted me quite, and I could only cry and promise him I would not say another word, but just let him take his own way; and then he kissed me and said I was indeed a good wife, and I should never repent. I said nothing, but there—I had repented of it even as he spoke, and knew I had done foolishly to give in as I had done, for Mr. Fairfax was not the sort of man to let one take back one's word in a thing of that kind. I hardly know how I got through the next few weeks. I felt as if I were in a sort of dream—a horrible dream. It was like a nightmare, having to pack up and to leave my dear little house where I had been so happy. To see all my nice furniture, that I thought so much of, being parcelled out and sold off to strangers. A man does not feel those things as a woman does, but it felt like dying to see Mrs. James, the grocer's wife, that I never could abide, getting my drawing sofa for her sitting-room. The clocks I would not sell, being presents, so I just gave them to my mother to take care of, in case we ever should come back again; but there

was not much chance of that, for Mr. Fairfax said he never meant to turn back having once put his hand to the plough, and he meant it. I think it was just knowing Mr. Fairfax and how determined he could be for all his quiet ways that made me feel so desperate. He never seemed as if he could give in when he took hold of an idea. I was not over strong myself either, for my youngest baby was only a few months old at the time, and it seemed awful to take a poor little mite like her across the seas.

"Yes, I've only two now, for the baby died six weeks after we got to Jacmel, and there she's buried. Not even in a proper cemetery, just in a corner of the garden. Mr. Fairfax, not being a Papist, and hating them almost as badly if not worse than heathens, had no right to put her in what churchyards there were."

The tears came into her eyes as she spoke, but she dashed them away with one thin hand.

"There now, I never meant to cry, but it makes me feel wild to think that all there is to show for the time we spent there is my pretty fair-haired baby lying all alone among those horrid blacks."

"That's the only end I have seen to all the meetings and preachings and good-byes that were given in plenty before we left. The people about, more especially the colliers, were loath to let Mr. Fairfax leave, but they all said it was grand of him to go, and they made him quite into a kind of hero. They never seemed to heed what it meant to the children and myself; but there, that's the way of the world, and of course the wife has to follow the husband, more's the shame of it sometimes. Oh! I know I'm talking wild, and I'm a wicked woman, but I'm only talking as I feel, and it's better to speak it for once than to wear oneself out by feeling it all without being able to say one word."

"To make a long story short we were off at last, and the voyage was not as bad as I fancied."

"The ship was not crowded, and

every one was kind to me and the children. No one at home thought I minded leaving much, not even my own mother, for I seemed to feel stunned like, and as if the whole world were slipping away from me. It would have been bad enough if such troubles had fallen on me anyhow, but that they should come just through a whim, for I could think it nothing else, of Mr. Fairfax's, brought on by reading an old brown book, was more than I could stand.

"Other people might look at it differently, but that's the only way I could see it."

"It was calm weather, and although it was terribly hot, still when we got to Jacmel and I saw the place looking so pretty and peaceful from the ship with its white houses shining among the green trees, I felt comforted a little. It looked cleaner and less savage than I had expected; but oh! when I got on shore and saw the horrid black people with their evil faces, and the dirt of the streets and houses, my heart sank, and I felt it was even a thousand times worse than I had pictured it."

"There was no proper hotel, and the only thing Mr. Fairfax could do was to take some rooms in the house of a dreadful looking negress called Eugenia."

"My! but she was a fiend, that Eugenia. Her temper was that awful I never dared to speak to her, and her cooking matched her temper. No wonder I lost my poor baby, what with the heat and the change and the bad food. Mr. Fairfax seemed, however, quite satisfied, and although he was sorry enough when the baby died, he talked about what other missionaries and Christians had had to go through, and seemed to think it was all part of the business. Now it may be all very well for martyrs and such like to stand such things," she broke off, petulantly, "but I'm sure I never wanted to be a martyr, nor yet a missionary, and I've no call. I only asked to do my duty as my mother did before me, and not go running off to the ends of the earth to give my life and my children's lives as

well, to horrid blacks, who never want to see you at all."

"Does your husband feel he is doing any good?" I here enquired.

There was such magnificent audacity in the idea of any one man attempting single handed to tackle the repulsive Haitian problem, that I could not but be impressed by her recital. Haiti is indeed the plague spot of the West Indies—the eternal shame of all the better class of colored people; the moral, which is always pointed at with triumph by the whites, as showing to what a depth of degradation the negroes will sink if left to their own devices.

"Mr. Fairfax is doing no sort of good there as far as I can see," she answered, with conviction. "He thinks it will come. I don't. He says roots to be worth anything grow slowly, but I don't believe there are any roots to grow. No, not for a minute. First of all, what religion they have got is Papist, and that of course he cannot abide. There are a few, a very few Roman Catholic priests, and the blacks seem to look up to them a little. Eugenia knew one, a Père André, who used to come and see her sometimes. A fine fuss she made over his visits too. I'd have liked him for my own part to come oftener, for when she expected him she did try to clean up a bit, and change her dirty white wrapper. Yes, and if you would believe it, she would dab her old brown face with violet powder too. Such vanity you never saw before. I tried to tell her what I thought of her; but there, she only knew a few words of English, and I never could talk their language. I wished I could, for the priest looked a kind old man, and although, of course, I could not understand what he said, it was a mercy to see a white face again. Eugenia gave us all coffee in his honor and sweet cakes, and it was very good coffee, for she took trouble for once; but when Mr. Fairfax found it out later, he was very angry with me and forbade me to go down again when the priest called, or I should be converted or something dreadful. That was right

down nonsense, for how could he convert me, however sly he might be, when neither of us could understand a word the other said? But Mr. Fairfax said I did not know Jesuits and their ways. Of course I had to do as he said, but it was hard to sit mewed up in my own room with the children crying, and smelling the coffee all the time through the cracks of the door, and hearing Père André's nice *white* voice and laugh as he talked to Eugenia. Eugenia was furious at my not coming down, and I could not make her understand it was not my fault but Mr. Fairfax's doing."

"Your husband might have explained, for he can, I suppose, talk French quite well?" I suggested.

"Oh no, he cannot. He had learnt some sort of French at college—that is, he could read it a little, but he could hardly understand the people better than I could. He's learning, however, and he's so clever, I dare say he'll soon pick it up. I suppose it's easy enough?"

I was so amazed at this confession of her husband's ignorance that Mrs. Fairfax made in such an airy manner, that I could make no answer, nor was one necessary, for here the saloon door was thrown open with a bang, and through it, as from a catapult, a small boy projected himself. He was a dirty-looking little boy, and much sunburnt, but I guessed at once who he was, for he had his mother's light blue eyes and fair curly hair. He came up to her side, and asked her in a patronizing voice if she was better.

His mother stroked his grubby hand affectionately, while her eyes looked on him with pride.

"This is my Johnnie," she said. "Johnnie, speak to the lady. Johnnie knows Haitian quite well," she added proudly. "He picked it up directly; he's very quick, like his father."

Johnnie nodded with some elation. He was evidently vain of his accomplishment.

"Yes, I can talk it all right. It's easy enough when once you get into the way of it. The other fellows—the

black boys at Jacmel—soon taught me. They are funny chaps too,—not a bit like the Sheffield boys I knew at home, but I had friends among them. Plenty of friends.”

I looked at him aghast. The bare idea of any English boy running about with a lot of Haitian ragamuffins, and being on friendly terms with them, was enough to make any English resident in the West Indies turn cold with horror.

Johnnie, however, thought he was a very fine fellow, and went on, nothing doubting, with a would-be-grown-up air, that was funny to see.

“I used to tell them I did not think much of their army. Such a set, no shoes or stockings, and no two men dressed alike, and what uniforms they had, all in rags—not like our English soldiers.”

“They were forever fighting among themselves,” observed his mother languidly, “We had three revolutions, I think; when we were at Jacmel, or was it five, Johnnie?”

“I’m sure I forget, and after all it never seemed to make much difference.”

But here the jangling of the dinner-bell sent him off, and put an effectual stop to the discussion of Haitian affairs for the time.

The next day was calm and bright, so calm, indeed, that even the worst of sailors could have found no excuse for not being on deck.

I had just established myself in my deck-chair, when I heard a greeting. It was Mrs. Fairfax, looking considerably better, and tidier than on the previous day, and holding a small girl by the hand.

“This is Janie, the girl. She’s dreadfully scared of ladies, seeing so few as she has done. Yes, she looks bad, doesn’t she? Hardly a good advertisement of the climate?” and she gave a bitter little laugh.

The poor child did indeed look ill, and her yellow blotched complexion contrasted sadly with her sunny English curls.

“I dare say she will get all right

when you get to England,” I said as encouragingly as I could.

“It’s to be hoped so. She was a lovely child when she left last year, and her skin was like lilies and roses, but the food or the climate or something has just ruined her. When I look at her do you wonder I feel mad with the place? I fancy she’s better than she was. Johnnie’s not the same boy. I hear some people grumble over ship fare, but it is splendid compared to what we’ve been having for a year and more now. I’ll sit down if you’ll let me and have a talk.”

Mrs. Fairfax after this never failed to come and sit down by me every morning, and at these times I learnt more about Haiti than I had ever done before.

She had never read a line about the island, and thus, while it limited her horizon, gave to her descriptions the undoubted advantage of being perfectly unbiassed by any hearsay stories.

It was by her husband’s express wish she had never looked at any books on the subject, and I could understand his motive well enough. The poor woman was miserable enough over her life there already, without being haunted by the grisly stories of cannibalism that are current about the inhabitants, and I took, of course, special care not to enlighten her. She had, luckily enough, a wholesome horror of “Saint John’s” book from its effect on her husband, and thus had no curiosity to read it herself.

She told me more stories than I can remember of “that Eugenia’s” misdeemeanors and terrific temper.

Of the dress of the Haitian beauties, the trailing white wrappers, more or less embroidered and befrilled; but always soiled, that with a neat black shawl formed their invariable home attire. Of the grand silks and even velvets that they don on highdays and holidays with feathered hats and flower-trimmed bonnets straight from Paris.

She waxed quite eloquent over the millinery, for, as she said, “The rich women get all their things from Paris. It’s funny, but they never seem to

want for money. The coffee grows almost wild, and except on their clothes, they spend nothing."

Eugenia herself, for all her curious ways, had been twice to France, and had drawers full of expensive finery, to say nothing of jewellery that had astonished her English lodger, "and of course being a London girl, I know what good things are when I see them."

She told me of the few short excursions she had taken with her husband and children into the country, and of the snakes that had terrified her there so that she had not dared to leave the security of the carriage, "great black and yellow snakes that made my flesh creep to look at. They said they were not poisonous, but the sight of them was bad enough, and no negro will kill one. Mr. Fairfax says they still worship them, and they certainly are afraid of them."

How her husband had killed one once because she was so frightened of it, and the black boys fairly set on him, and stoned him, and it might have gone hard with him if the old priest had not been passing at the time and explained to them how it was and made them stop.

"Mr. Fairfax was quite vexed with him, but I felt thankful enough, for as it was he got a nasty cut on his forehead with a bit of broken cocoanut."

As far as I could make out, Père André's influence disconcerted the would-be Evangelist even more than the lack of appreciation of the Haitians.

He had been prepared for the latter, but the old priest he had not counted on, and he resented his power. The negroes themselves were bad enough in all conscience, and Père André's sway over them was of the lightest, but what traces of reverence and loyalty they still retained for a European priest were his, and his alone. He had lived among them for over forty years to begin with. He understood their speech and their strange customs. He did what he could himself, and he shut his eyes to those things that he could not remedy. He understood perfectly the

superstitious terror that the Vaudoos worship inspired, and how vain it was for him to battle with it; but still he worked on. With all his experience it was little he could do against the flood of evil that overspread the whole island, and he watched with amused pity the futile and hopeless efforts of his English rival in the same field.

Mr. Fairfax had after many attempts discovered the remains of a half-ruined chapel that some fifty years or more ago had been founded by some Methodists from Barbadoes. Of this he had taken possession, and after making the necessary repairs himself, with infinite trouble had scraped together four or five old negroes and negresses, who in consideration of a weekly dole, made no objection to posing before their fellows as members of the original congregation.

Mrs. Fairfax, with the intuition of womankind, guessed the truth, but Mr. Fairfax was too single-minded himself to believe that the weekly cents could induce them to perjure themselves in this way.

To these and to his family he used therefore to preach vehemently in his own tongue, and then in what lame and halting Creole-French he could command, with a frequent recourse to a dictionary.

"The English sermons were beautiful," his wife remarked plaintively, "but none of the blacks took the slightest interest in them. The old men mostly went to sleep. Sometimes two or three younger ones came to see what it was like and to gape at us. They just did it out of insolence I know, for it amused them to find how angry it made John to see them staring at me, for of course while he was preaching he could take no notice. It was all very discouraging, but Mr. Fairfax says if Père André has stayed there forty years so can he."

I said nothing. I felt Mrs. Fairfax had on her side more common sense than her husband, and also that if the good old priest, hindered by no anxiety as to wife or child, and with every advantage in the way of Church and

language, had done so little, Mr. Fairfax's dreams were vain indeed.

Was this the faith that moved mountains, or only the blind self-confidence that leads men to their own destruction? His wife showed me his photograph one morning, a fine, broad-shouldered man with deep-set, dreamy eyes and an obstinate chin. "It was taken when we married," she remarked, as she wiped the glass carefully, "and it is a bit faded, but is still very like him."

It was a peculiar face, not without charm, but with a mixture of strength and weakness in it; outlines that seemed somehow to explain his character better than pages of description.

After this I saw very little of Mrs. Fairfax, for at Barbadoes several Baptist families came on board, including two Baptist ministers, and they at once foregathered with Mrs. Fairfax — for her husband had been sufficiently known as a preacher in England for her to be quite a person of consideration among her own sect. They did not appear to me to possess great attractions, but they seemed to suit the poor little woman, and she was a great deal with them.

I heard her pouring out her woes, much as she had done to me, to the Rev. Abel Clavering one morning, and he was listening with great attention and sympathy.

"Mr. Clavering is a really kind man," she confided to me next day. "He says he's going to write to Mr. Fairfax and tell him it's his positive duty to come back. Mr. Clavering says he's just come back himself from three months in the West Indies, and he would not take a wife out of any of them on any account."

I looked at Mr. Clavering with some attention next time he passed. He was a short, stout man, with an air of being much oppressed by his white clerical tie.

Otherwise he was most uninteresting and unremarkable, save at meal times, when he was given to lengthy "blessings" before meat. I suppose he proportioned them to his appetite, which

was immense. I believe, however, he was kind-hearted, for he certainly used to be very good to poor little Janie, the sickly small girl, and he lent his deck-chair to Mrs. Fairfax, as well as several tracts and ponderous volumes of sermons. He had really compassion on her, I believe. Besides, as I have mentioned before, she was a very pretty woman still in her way.

She looked much stronger by the time we were in sight of England.

I was struck by her improved looks when I said good-bye to her, for I was landing at Plymouth, and the Fairfax family, in common with most other passengers, were going on to Southampton.

"You are getting on so well that perhaps we shall go back together next year. You might let me know," I said, as I gave her my address that she had begged me for.

A cloud came over her face.

"I shall never go back," she said shortly. "I've quite made up my mind about that."

"But your husband?"

"My husband must make up his mind, too, and choose between Haiti and me — and us," she said in a dogged voice. "If he thinks his 'call' comes before us, well and good, but the children and I go there no more; besides, Mr. Clavering says —"

But I had no time to listen to Mr. Clavering's views, and so we parted, and gradually she and her story faded away from my memory in the delight of being once more at home again.

It was quite a year afterwards that I received a letter in an unknown cramped hand with a very deep black border.

It was from Mrs. Fairfax, and enclosed another epistle written in French on thin foreign paper, and stamped with the characteristic Haitian stamp — in this, as in greater things, a burlesque imitation of its French prototype.

The first letter was from Mrs. Fairfax, briefly informing me that her husband was dead. He had died in Haiti a month before. So much she knew

through the English consul at Port au Prince. He had sent her the enclosed letter from Père André, who happened to be with her husband during his last illness. She was glad, she said, to think he was not alone, although she did not expect Mr. Fairfax would care to have such a one as he by him at the end. It was no more, though, than he had a right to expect, tempting Providence as he had done by his conduct. Would I, could I, translate Père André's letter? She remembered I knew French, and she did not like to send it to a stranger.

I unfolded the letter. It was closely written. I read it carefully through twice, and I translated it, so I remember its purport perfectly, although it has long ago been returned to its rightful owner. Sometimes I ask myself if it did not make perhaps more impression on me than on the widow for whom it was intended. It began very formally, but gradually Père André forgot his old-fashioned sentences of sympathy, and to describe the impression that "ce grand Monsieur Fairfax" had made on him from the first; how willingly he would have advised and befriended him, but how he saw that all his efforts had been mistaken. "No one knew better than I did all he would have to pass through, his discouragements, his hardships. He was, it is true, not of the faith, but it was refreshing to see any Christian take an interest in this poor neglected island, and I am old enough not to laugh at enthusiasm, however misguided. God knows there is little enough of it left in the world nowadays. To look at this tall Englishman brought back my own young days and the faith and hope I had then. I still have faith, thanks be to God, but it is of another kind — the faith that comes of patience and wears her grey robes, but hope, save in a life beyond, has passed away from me."

The old man went on to tell how, when Fairfax's wife and children had left him, he had worked harder than ever, but all to no avail. He recounted with pitying detail how the Englishman had been cheated and taken in at every

turn, and how his eyes were opened gradually to the magnitude of the task he had set himself, and with the knowledge came the overwhelming sense of his own helplessness to deal with it. How he had gone at last on a pilgrimage to the inland town of Jeremie, trusting he might meet with a better reception there, and how the journey had ended in yet another disappointment.

How he lost heart, and after looking like a ghost for weeks he finally broke down and became so ill he could not move, for even his powerful physique was not proof against repeated attacks of fever.

How at last Père André, hearing of his sad plight, determined to go and see him, hoping that this time he might not be repulsed.

Of the sick man's astonishment when he saw who his helper was, and of how he, being then "weak as a child," made no remonstrance, but let himself be nursed back into a tremulous life.

"He was docile as a little child, and said nothing. I think even he grew to love me as a child loves its nurse," wrote the kind old man. "He used to lie quite still for hours without a word passing his lips; but he had the little pictures of his wife and children, and letters near him, many, many letters, and those he looked at often. I used to laugh at him and call them his toys, and then tell him he must make haste and get well and go back, but he only shook his head and looked sad at my words.

"I had brought him his letters as usual from the post-office when the fortnightly mail came in. He had some from England as usual, and I hoped they would give him pleasure. He read them at once, and then he said in his weak, puzzled voice, 'I do not understand; she is well they tell me, but she is not coming back, so I shall not see her again.' He seemed very sad and quiet afterwards. I tried to make him take food, but he would not, but turned his face to the wall. At midnight he died.

"I was not surprised, I hardly ex-

pected him to live, but I did not think he would die so quickly.

"He made mistakes. He made a great one when he came out to Haiti in the way he did; but I felt sure he was a truly good man, and I wept as for a friend when he died.

"The negroes could not comprehend my grief, for they knew Monsieur Fairfax had not loved me.

"I had him buried beside his little child, so neither of them now lies alone." Then followed a brief inventory of his clothes and effects, a very scanty one, and with a few more general assurances of sympathy, the letter ended.

The last news I heard from Mrs. Fairfax was that she was going to marry Mr. Clavering.

I think this time she may be tolerably sure at least that her second husband is not likely to have inconvenient "calls."

I believe she is right when she says she feels it will be a good thing for the children to have some one to look after them. She will attend to her husband's shirt collars, and he will take care that none of his family stir out of the beaten track.

What puzzles me, however, is what manner of man was her first husband. Was he simply, as his wife believed, the mistaken victim of a whim? or was he, unluckily for his belongings, really in some measure a martyr and a hero? I have thought over it often, and as yet can find no answer to my mind! I am puzzling over it still.

THE AUTHOR OF

"A STUDY IN COLOR."

From The Contemporary Review.
THE EASTERN HINDU KUSH.

PUBLIC attention has of late years been turned very frequently to the eastern Hindu Kush region, numerous expeditions have crossed and re-crossed the great table-lands and valleys to the north of the main range, and a voluminous, if occasionally sketchy and unsat-

isfactory, literature has grown up round the Pamir question. The country to the south of the eastern Hindu Kush is not so well known generally, although it has been exhaustively explored. It is about this portion of the Hindu Kush region, included in the limits of the Gilgit Agency, directly under its influence, or indirectly connected with it, that I shall treat. For detailed information I would refer any one who cares to pursue the subject further to my predecessor in Gilgit, Major Bidulph's exhaustive work, "The Tribes of the Hindu Kush," and to my friend Mr. Knight's most interesting book of travel, "Where Three Empires Meet." I must premise my remarks by pointing out that of course it is impossible for me to enter into the discussion of military and political questions.

To the region in question, which embraces Chitral on the west, including Yasin, the Gilgit valley from Gakuch in Punyal to the Indus at Bunji, Hunza and Nagar to the north, the Shin republic of the Indus valley as far as Sazin to the south, the Kohistan i Malazai, and a portion of the Indus valley, Kohistan, has been applied the name of Dardistan. A misleading title, for there is no such country as Dardistan, and there is no one united race to which the name of Dard could be applied. It is said that the people living on the left bank of the Kandia River are called Dards by their neighbors, but after five years of residence in the country, and repeated journeys from one end of it to the other, I can safely say that I have never heard the term used. What were the exact limits of the country inhabited by the Dards of the ancient geographers it is probably impossible to say; the name was most likely applied to the races occupying the Indus valley from Ladakh to the Punjab. At present the name has no scientific value.

Many languages and dialects are spoken throughout this region, and many castes exist in it, of which only the most important can be mentioned. Their distribution seems to point to successive waves of conquest. The races are one and all believed to be

Aryan, the people of Hunza and Nagar presenting a strikingly pure type. Burishki, the language of the Yeshkuns, is spoken in the inaccessible Hunza, Nagar, and Yasin valleys; Shina throughout Astor, Gilgit, Punyal, and the lower part of the Ghizr valley; from the Indus valley through Gilgit to Ghizr the proportion of Shins varies from ninety to thirty-five per cent. of the population; off the main line of advance in Astor, Hunza, Nagar, and Yasin, the proportion is reversed, and the Yeshkuns preponderate, driven back by the advancing tide. The northern portion of the Hunza valley, called Gujhal, is inhabited by immigrants from Wakhan to the north of the Hindu Kush. In Chitral, as Bidulph says, the population is a curious and intricate ethnological puzzle. The bulk of the people appear to belong to an aboriginal race speaking Khowar; the ruling class, the Adamzada, would seem to be drawn from tribes which held Badakshan, Shignan, Wakhan, and Roshan. These ethnological questions, however, are too intricate to enter into here.

To the west of Chitral lies Kafiristan, of which I cannot speak. Soon I trust that my friend, Mr. G. S. Robertson, will give to the world the wonderful story of his successful exploration of a great part of that fascinating country. For the best part of a year he lived amongst the Kafirs; he is the only European who has ever penetrated the mountain fastnesses of that most interesting race, the only white man who has crossed the Mandal (or Minjan) pass, has traversed the country from the Hindu Kush to the Kunar valley, and who has visited Veran, the most important village in the heart of this hitherto unexplored country. Putting aside Kafiristan, the region of which I am speaking is still of great interest. It is some two hundred miles in width from the Dorah pass, leading from Chitral into Badakshan to the Indus at Bunji, and one hundred and fifty miles in depth from the crest of the Hindu Kush to Sazin, where the Indus takes its great bend to the south. Numerous

passes from the Shimshal on the east to the Dorah on the west lead into it over the great mountain barrier, and from it roads run to India through the Kunar and Indus valleys, and to Kashmir by Astor and the Gurais valley, roads along which centuries ago flowed the great tide of Buddhist pilgrimage, and caravans of the merchandise of central Asia. The region may be roughly divided into two main water-systems—that of the Chitral River, which, uniting the waters from the Baroghil, Arkari, and Dorah valleys falls into the Kabul River close to Jelalabad, and joins the Indus above Attock—and that of the Gilgit River, which, after receiving the waters of the Yasin, Ishkuman, and Hunza valleys, falls into the Indus at Bunji. The Indus drains the whole region. The water-parting between these two systems is the range joining the Hindu Kush to the Hindu Raj, the latter being the northern watershed of the Indus valley, between Bunji and Chitral.

It is difficult for any one who has not traversed the country to realize what a road in the heart of the Hindu Kush means. When I first visited Gilgit, five years ago, there was not a yard of what we should call a road in the whole region, and only one permanent bridge, that over the Chitral River at Chitral itself. Narrow paths, so narrow that often while the rider's boot on one side brushed the cliff, his outer foot overhung a precipice, followed the course of the streams. Often in the course of one short march the path ascends a thousand feet or more to avoid crossing some precipitous cliff, and the repeated ascents and descents render riding a weariness to the flesh. Frequently the path is carried across the face of a cliff on roughly constructed galleries, upheld by shaky timbers jammed into interstices in the rock. In many of the valleys, when the summer sun melts the accumulations of snow, and the mighty glaciers pour down their flooded torrents, the lower paths become impassable for animals. For months at a time all animal

traffic is suspended, and men on foot alone, following giddy tracks skirting gigantic precipices, can with difficulty find their way from valley to valley. Three years ago, for instance, when an impending attack by the Hunza Nagar tribesmen on Chalt, our frontier outpost thirty miles north of Gilgit, forced me to move troops to the frontier, it was impossible for me to take a mule battery through with the infantry. The road runs along the Hunza River, through one of the wildest gorges in the Hindu Kush, great cliffs rise sheer out of the water, and tower thousands of feet above you. The heat in June, when we passed through the gorge, is terrific; it always seemed to me a fitting approach to the gate of hell. Eight times in one march had the mules to be unladen, and guns, ammunition, and baggage carried across cliffs by the men. One cliff presented such difficulties that even unladen mules could not cross it, and we were forced to swim them over the river below it, and to re-cross them above it. Again in March last, when moving reinforcements to Chilas in the Indus valley, two marches were impassable to unladen mules, and I was obliged to move down the guns on coolies. Such were the roads all through this region five years ago. Now a good mountain road is complete to Gilgit, the Indus is bridged at Bunji, a passable road leads to Chilas, and the communications generally are improving.

But if the roads are wild and unpleasant for riders troubled with nerves, the scenery to which they give access surpasses in grandeur any that it has been my lot to admire. Gilgit is in the heart of the region where the mountains attain perhaps the greatest average height in the world. Within seventy miles are eight mountains with an elevation of from twenty-four thousand to twenty-six thousand feet, while range after range averages from eighteen thousand to twenty thousand feet. As a rule, however, the wonderful panorama is hidden from sight, for the valleys in which the roads run are very narrow, and the lower hills shut out

the view of the great mountains behind. From Gilgit itself the great Rakapushi, twenty-five thousand feet high though it is, and distant but a few miles, is invisible, and only three peaks of lesser importance, "three silent pinnacles of aged snow," relieve the monotony of the view. To one accustomed to the comparatively pigmy hills of Europe, and to the beauty of outline and exquisite variety of coloring of the Swiss and Italian mountains, this portion of the Hindu Kush at first causes a feeling almost of disappointment. The Kashmir mountains, through which the traveller passes on his way north, are clothed in grand fir forests, are covered with vegetation, and are generally soft of outline, compared to the mountains bordering the Indus. The traveller, after leaving Kashmir, each day gets into a more barren region, till at last, with the exception of the patches of cultivation in the valleys, and the scattered forests which begin at an elevation of seven thousand feet, no sign of vegetation meets the eye. On all sides rise bare, precipitous mountains, wild in outline, depressing in coloring, repeating with a deadly monotony the same tones of dull grey and yellow, darkening to browns and purples in the shadow. It is only on the rare occasions when rain falls that the coloring, which is obliterated by bright sunlight, shows out. Then the mountain-sides are clothed in delicate reds and browns and soft shades of green, and, through the light veil of falling rain, range after range stretches away with exquisitely softened outlines; and, when the dark storm-clouds in spring sweep down the valleys, lurid reds and great washes of purple glorify the silent hills.

Gradually the feeling of vastness gains upon one, as the eye almost tires from ever following from base to crest the severe lines of the enclosing hills, above which occasionally a solitary peak of snow rises majestically into the blue. Splendid panoramas unfold themselves to the traveller crossing some high pass, such as the Banok La, sixteen thousand feet high, over which the road from Astor to Skardu passes,

and around him stretch endless circles of eternal snow. But the height to which it is necessary to ascend generally dwarfs the great peaks, and it is only when from some favorable point a view is obtained of a great mountain, complete from foot to summit, that one realizes the colossal scale on which nature has here worked.

Then, indeed, the grandeur is overpowering, and the impression of immensity stamps itself indelibly and almost oppressively on the mind. Finally the eye becomes habituated to the vast proportions, and so accustomed to dwelling on bare and gigantic outlines and monotonous coloring, that the traveller on his return through Kashmir finds that the scenery which had enchanted him on his outward journey with its wild beauty, the valleys through which the road runs hemmed in by cliffs hundreds of feet high, and by fir-clad slopes, the rushing rivers flowing under banks clothed with thickets of white lilac and hazel, all seem modelled on a scale of fairy-like minuteness, and the eye wanders in almost startled pleasure over the ever-varying scene, the changing coloring, and the delightful verdure of the landscape.

There are but few points from which the exceptional views of the greater mountains can be obtained. The finest I have ever seen are those of Nanga Parbat from the Bunji plain, of Rakapushi from Hunza, and Tirich Mir from the Arkari valley in Chitral. Seen from the Bunji plain, Nanga Parbat, twenty-six thousand feet high, fills up the southern end of the valley. The dead grey sloping plain, the bare precipices of hill to right and left, lead up to the narrowing head of the valley hemmed in by fir-clad and snow-tipped hills, and, above all, towering thousands of feet over the Hattu Pir, which itself rises in the foreground in one precipitous wall, six thousand feet sheer out of the plain, majestic and solitary, with no other mountains near to dwarf it, looms the grand mass of Nanga Parbat, fifteen thousand feet of unbroken snow and ice.

The view of Rakapushi from Hunza is again superb. Standing below the picturesque fort you look across the valley, barely a couple of miles wide, the river running a thousand feet below in a deep gorge. Direct out of the valley in one magnificent sweep of eighteen thousand feet from the river rises Rakapushi, the lower sweep for thousands of feet bare as usual, covered at their base only by terrace after terrace of cultivation, by endless orchards of apricot, apple, and pear, above them a few patches of dense forest, and then in summer twelve thousand to fourteen thousand feet of snow in one vast pile, below which huge glaciers push down almost into the valley. A sight once seen never to be forgotten.

If the country is interesting, so are the people. The Shins, I believe, are a dying race, the Botogah Glen in Chilas, which fifty years ago is said to have turned out twelve hundred fighting men, lately furnished a sixth of that number; in the Indus valley they are decreasing in numbers, and seem to be in danger of being gradually supplanted by more vigorous immigrants from the lower Indus valley; in Gilgit they strike one as unenterprising and wanting in stamina. Throughout the whole region under review I should say the races, with some exceptions, are naturally peaceful. There is none of the fiery dash of the Pathan, their inter-tribal fights have never been very costly in life. But as I always expected, and as we found in the Hunza Nagar expedition, they are stubborn and gallant foes when entrenched. Good cragsmen, with a natural talent for making the most of a defensive position, which centuries of fitful warfare has perfected, they are difficult enemies to deal with. That they can "take a licking," as a boy would say, and bear but little malice, that they appreciate fair play, and can recognize the desire we have to prevent oppression, is shown by the state of Hunza and Nagar. Not a single shot was fired after the final engagement which broke the power of the tribesmen,

officers traversed the country from end to end with nominal escort, and within a few months Mr. Conway's party wandered unguarded through the country.

Except in the Indus valley there is no fanaticism. In Yasin, Punyal, and Hunza, the people are chiefly Maulai, belonging to that heretical Mohammedan sect, the head of which till lately was H. H. Agha Khan, of Bombay. Inheritors, I believe, of the tenets of the "assassin," the followers of Richard I.'s opponent, who was, if I remember right, in our school days, called "the Old Man of the Mountain," these schismatics are looked on with horror by orthodox Mohammedans. They scoff at the Koran, say no prayers, drink wine, practically worship the head of the sect, and are said only to be bound to thorough obedience to their *pirs* or priests. Their religion, such as it is, sits but lightly on them. The Nagar people are Shi'ahs; in Chitral both of the great Mohammedan sects are represented, the rulers being Sunni. But nowhere do you find bigotry, except in the Indus valley, which was converted by mullas from Swat. I well remember my old friend the late mehtar of Chitral soundly rating one of his sons, who was governor of a province, for attempting to interfere with the religious views of some of his subjects. He held, from motives of self-interest only, the broad view that, so long as his subjects were law-abiding and paid their dues, their religion was no business of his.

The people as a rule are cheery and pleasant. Only in Chilas, that home of rascally cut-throats, whose raids and brutal murders were the curse of the border until they filled the cup of their iniquity by a treacherous attempt to destroy my friend Mr. Robertson, who was visiting Gor at the people's invitation—an escapade which led to the posting of troops in Chilas itself—only here do you find scowling faces and a semi-Pathan inclination to murder.

That the rulers have been blood-thirsty is unfortunately true; it must be so in semi-savage Mohammedan

states. Sir Alfred Lyall's well-known lines in "The Amir's Soliloquy" always used to ring in my head when talking to the old mehtar of Chitral:—

The virtues of God are pardon and pity,
They never were mine,
They have never been ours in a country

All stained with the blood of our kin,
Where the brothers embrace on the war-field,

And the reddest sword must win.

The old mehtar was a typical mountain chief, tall, handsome, distinguished-looking, with a princely bearing, and a dignified courtesy to his guests; he was relentless, cruel as death, a past-master in dissimulation, and steeped to the lips in the blood of his brothers and relations. But he ruled his country. I remember, when there was a delay in some posts reaching me, his tracing out the culprit, and what difficulty I had in preventing his selling the wretched man and all his family into slavery. There was no such thing as robbing the king's guest with impunity. I and others repeatedly travelled through the country without escort, and generally unarmed.

The Chitralis, the sons of "the land of mirth and murder," as we christened it, in opposition to "the land of gold and apricots," as the Nagar people call their country, are a short, active race, devoted to polo, passionately fond of dancing and of song, and seem unable to pass a flower without gathering it and sticking it in their small turbans. Their rulers, having no gaols, as one of them explained to me, habitually sold any evildoer into slavery. As slaves the Chitralis were much valued across the Hindu Kush for their often proved fidelity. To this day our friend and ally, the amir of Afghanistan, has, I believe, in most trusted positions, immediately about his person, Chitrali retainers. The Chitralis, and indeed all the Hindu Kush people, will sit up all night listening to the maddening, monotonous music of their pipe and drum bands, watching the dancing boys, joining in the dance themselves; and the infliction it is to be camped

near one of their chiefs must be endured to be fully appreciated.

The Hunza people much resemble them in character, but are of finer physique, and probably better men. The Nagar people are more subdued; this they and their neighbors attribute to the depressing effect of their climate in winter. Crushed under the great range which rises to the south, their side of the valley is almost sunless for weeks at a time; the cold is terrible, so they spend nearly all their time during the winter in their dark and gloomy homes, and the dreariness of such an existence reacts on their character.

Throughout the whole region there is not one single town, and no bazaars in the Eastern sense, with the exception of a small one at Gilgit and another at Astor. The little trade that exists is done by pedlars, chiefly men from Koli and Palus in the Indus valley. Except in Gilgit and in one or two instances in Chitral, the people live in fortified villages—an arrangement till lately necessary owing to the unsettled state of the country. These forts are of very solid construction, the outer walls from ten to fifteen feet thick, being built of stone and mud strengthened with solid timbers. The houses are huddled together within them, in many cases built one on the top of the other. There are as a rule no windows; light comes in by the door, and when that is closed, through a square hole in the roof, serving the double purpose of chimney and window. There is a certain amount of rude carving, which has a very good effect, on the doors and uprights which support the roof.

Cultivation is dependent on irrigation, for the tract below eight thousand feet is practically rainless. Much ground has, owing to the constant wars and consequent depopulation, fallen out of use, and it has been one of our most grateful tasks to increase the facilities for cultivation of the people by opening disused water channels, and in Hunza and Nagar by constructing new ones where the engineering difficulties were too great for the people to surmount.

Travelling constantly from end to end of this region, as a warden of the marches is bound to do, I have had many opportunities of observing the people, and of hearing strange and old-world tales. I found that the banshee wails round the towers of a fort in Chitral before the death of the king, that fairies are still seen floating through the air in troops of horse and foot to their home in Tirich Mir, horses are hag-ridden and found with witches' stirrups in their manes, children are carried off, men have passed days in the fairies' company, and that two generations ago a mehtar of Chitral married a fairy bride. Old age comes to the fairy folk, and some of them, as in Europe, have their feet set on the wrong way. In Chitral they are converted to Moham-medanism and have a praying-place where, on Fridays, they assemble, and the belated Chitrali hears a ghostly call to prayer and the murmur of a great host joining in the prescribed devotions. But in other parts, where the prophet's religion has only been observed for a few generations, they are still unregenerate; and surely their state is the more gracious. Fairy drums are, or were till lately, on the roof of every chief's castle and sounded to war. Fairies inspired women, and under their influence these seers foretold the fate of dynasties and the results of wars. In the Bagrot valley, twenty miles from Gilgit, I was present when a *dainyal*—for so these women are called—after inhaling the smoke of the sacred cedar, went through her mystic dance and prophesied smooth things for the British rule. The ceremony of initiation I did not see—luckily, perhaps. When a woman announces that she is inspired by the fairies, she is made to go through the usual dance with an acknowledged *dainyal*. Then a goat is brought in and decapitated, and the novice seizes the neck and drinks the pumping blood. If she can do this she is received as a *dainyal*; if not, no attention is paid to her prophecies, and the people tell you that she invariably goes mad.

Relics of dead faiths abound, curious ceremonies usher in the new year and the seasons of seed-time and harvest. The ruler turns the first furrow, scatters the first handful of seed mixed with gold-dust in token of plenty, and offers sacrifice to the gods. Traces of tree worship meet you; the cedar, sacred in Kafiristan, is sacred throughout the whole region; you are incensed with its burning twigs on entering remote villages, the women still cast its boughs in offering on the deserted altar of the half-forgotten village god. Sacred fires blaze on the mountain-sides at certain seasons, and recall the fact that the home of the so-called "fire-worship" was but across the Hindu Kush.

Buddhism has left its mark: there is a Buddhist tope not far from Gilgit which I never had time to explore, Buddhist altars by every path, a great Buddha in the preaching attitude is carved high on the face of a rock three miles from Gilgit, and at the foot of the flagstaff, on which now flies the British flag in the garden of the Residency at Gilgit, lies the pedestal of a statue with the socket holes for the feet. But there is an entire absence of sculptured inscriptions throughout the whole region. We have searched far and wide, but not one solitary inscription has been found except one in Chitral, which was copied by Sir W. Lockhart's party, and had reference to a Chinese invasion. That a higher civilization prevailed in Gilgit formerly the Buddhist remains attest, and the long lines of deep, square-cut holes in the rock, in which must have been inserted the supports for large water-channels, probably of wood, from which water was drawn to cultivate the hundreds of acres of terraced land which now lie hopelessly dry and barren, far out of reach of the life-giving supply. The present inhabitants of the country have neither the tools nor the skill to undertake such a work, but it is not too much to hope that an era of peace and prosperity is dawning for them in which such works will again be undertaken with success.

I think I have said enough to show

that the southern region of the eastern Hindu Kush is one full of interest. For five years I have lived in it in peace and war, the fascination of its desolate grandeur is still upon me, the memories of solitary days spent in the heart of its glorious mountains can never fade, nor can the kindly feelings towards the cheery and manly inhabitants of its sequestered valleys.

ALGERNON DURAND.

From *The Gentleman's Magazine*.
 RICHARD JEFFERIES AS A DESCRIPTIVE
 WRITER.

THERE is to some minds no more moving figure in the literary history of our country than that of Richard Jefferies; not one that stands out more markedly from his fellows, a form of pathos to all ages. A failure not only begins to be no failure, now when he cannot know it; whose peace was gained at last, only by leaving behind him all he had counted most dear; there is left of him, in these days, nothing but a voice crying passionately from the dark and silence to those who, yet amid song and sunlight, can neither see nor hear, nor understand. It is one more to be added to the subtle ironies of sober fact.

Of all the elements of tragedy that make him pathetic, one lingers yet. Many are over; the harassing struggle for mere livelihood, the torture of a ghastly and lingering disease, the unspeakable sadness of a well-recognized farewell to the earth that was his passion; these are done. His lack of a right appreciation by his country yet remains.

To some of his admirers Richard Jefferies appears to suffer from a general and perpetual misapprehension; no notice of him or his writings, critical or allusive, appears in newspaper or magazine, but he is to their thinking wronged anew; until, with those that appreciate him, the interest that arises naturally in a character so unique, joins hands with a sense of gratitude ever new and deep and a study of him comes

to change from a pleasant intellectual pastime to a protest that is a positive obligation. Those who have never heard of Richard Jefferies, a larger proportion of the educated than it is easy to believe, may be suffered to go unaccused. They may be allowed very justly the greater grievance. It is with the superficially acquainted that the quarrel lies; with the journalist who knows him by a stray magazine article and sufficiently by hearsay to recognize the name's allusive value; with the hundreds who carry away the pitiable misconceptions derived from a perusal of the aforesaid journalist's paragraphs, and with all those of his admirers who make their admiration valueless by failing to discriminate between the master and the many disciples.

"The mantle of Jeffreys has fallen upon Mr. Robinson," says a reviewer in an illustrated paper, and the statement is about as accurate as the spelling of Jefferies' name, but it is typical of the journalistic conception. One cannot help thinking that Richard Jefferies must have had a very large selection of mantles, for they have been falling continually at intervals since his death, and are now numerous enough to cloak any magazine descriptive writer who can tell the blackthorn blossom from the may. This does not necessitate any undue depreciation of present writers, whose essays may be, and often are, like Mr. Robinson's, excellent in their way; but it is time to insist that their ways are not the ways of the Wiltshire solitary, and that, whatever genius may shine in contemporary magazines, the mantle of Richard Jefferies has not fallen yet.

For the voice of the British Dunderhead, who walketh in darkness, has become too reiterative to be any longer ignored, and it is sheer charity to inform him that Richard Jefferies is both less and more than the country naturalist, in dubbing him which he thinks to sum him up; how much less he, being no naturalist, will never discover, how much more he must needs develop his poetical faculty to appreciate. Elsewhere, for the purposes of

a comparison he was then trying to establish, the present writer has himself called Jefferies a country naturalist, and the description is true as far as it goes. Its fault is that it does not go far enough. Though sufficiently accurate when his name and nature were introduced solely in support of a passing proposition, it would be exceedingly inadequate as a portrait of the man, were he the subject of a discourse, not merely incidental to it. A far better type of the country journalist is Gilbert White of Selborne. The sweetest and simplest of naturalist parsons, he is still the best exemplar of that homely scientific spirit that makes its sole laboratory the garden and the fields. His delight was to watch the blackbirds upon his lawn, the slim summer warblers amongst his raspberry bushes, whose fruit he could never find it in his heart to grudge; he was wildly excited at the appearance of a new or uncommon species; he theorized with a child-like curiosity, yet not without acumen, upon the problems of instinct, avian commissariat, and migration; but that was all. It is a far cry alike in time and quality, from Selborne to Coate Farm; from Gilbert White, naturalist parson, to Richard Jefferies, naturalist, poet, dreamer, all of which he was and something more; and surely farther still, farther than a man may see ahead, to that oft announced, long lingering genius upon whom his mantle shall in truth descend. Given another clergyman of simple disposition and the homely scientific turn of mind in a zoologically prolific neighborhood, and you may yet find another White not unlike his predecessor, if only he manage to arise before evolutionary philosophy have reduced biology to mathematics; given another working man with a greater passion for "beasties" than for his brad-awl or his spade, and you may see another Thomas Edward, and welcome him before all are working men in the enjoyment of the blessings of an universal eight-hours day; you might even find another Thoreau, if ever another high-souled but erratic genius should

choose to exhibit his originality by playing at Robinson Crusoe in an island desert only by courtesy of his own conceit. You will never find another nature like that so often but so unhappily likened to Thoreau's which charmed us in the dreamer of Coate Farm.

People seem to read Jefferies, when they read him at all, with a peculiar variety of emotions. Some read him with bewilderment, some with boredom, some with amazement, some with reprobation, some with contempt; some, and they are fewest, with a never fading delight. Few people have a reputation at once so limited and so wide. When his bust was unveiled in Salisbury Cathedral not long ago, there was enough stir in the papers to make one imagine his celebrity to be wider than it really is. One has only to read how he lived in penury through his latter troublous days, because his books would not sell, to get a truer insight into the extent of his popularity; and even now, when he is better known and appreciated than ever before, those to whom he is but the shadow of a name are sufficiently numerous to make all mention of him as a celebrity savor of irony. It is, in fact, with the few and not with the many that Jefferies must be content to hold the place that he deserves; to those to whom he appeals he is of such value, that were reputation judged by depth of admiration rather than by number of admirers, he were famous beyond measure already. But those who were born blind and live habitually "dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon" can hardly be expected to go into raptures at his descriptions, for he tells of discoveries in a world where they go groping all their days, but find nothing. They cannot see these things as he sees them and their half incredulity as to the truth of his observations is only overcome at last to be succeeded by complete boredom when their accuracy has been vindicated. His facts do not interest; his reflections seem foolish to them; his whole nature totally inexplicable by that touchstone and test of

sanity, comparison with their own. "I may resent this," he says, "but I cannot deny that the argument is very black against me, and I begin to think that my senses have deceived me. . . . No one else seems to have seen the sparkle on the brook or heard the music at the hatch, or to have felt back through the centuries; and when I try to describe these things to them, they look at me with stolid incredulity. No one seems to understand how I got food from the clouds, nor what there was in the night nor why it is not so good to look at it from the window. They turn their faces away from me, so that perhaps after all I was mistaken and there never was any such place or any such meadows, and I was never there." It is this total want of sympathy that bars Richard Jefferies' way to popularity. In the vast majority of people there is no answering string to cry out at the touch of his hands; he pipes to them, but they cannot dance.

Nor are they much more discerning who do read Jefferies with a certain pleasure and then blandly put him in the same category with others, between whom and himself there is a great gulf fixed. Without wishing to detract from the merits of other writers one may roundly assert, indeed it is half the present writer's object to assert, that there is no one in this particular field of literature to approach him. Thoreau, often quoted as a kindred spirit, has missed that poetical dreaminess which casts so rare a glamour over Jefferies' work; while among later writers neither Mr. Warde Fowler nor "A Son of the Marshes," neither the author of "Mid Leafy Ways," nor Mr. Robinson seems to compete very successfully with the author of "The Open Air." Against their work one has nothing whatever to say; it is usually accurate and often entertaining; some of the writings of most of them deserve high praise. What it seems necessary to insist upon is that theirs is one class of essay and Jefferies' is another; that not all of them together could have written "The Pageant of

Summer," or "Wild Flowers," or "Meadow Thoughts," or "Winds of Heaven," or "Swallow Time."

And to any one who meditates upon the reasons of Jefferies' pre-eminence, why it is of all the writers upon similar subjects he alone can offer us just what our hearts desire, it becomes more and more evident that it is because he alone among them has the gift of articulate speech. The great majority of men are inarticulate, full of thoughts they cannot utter, plagued with longings that they struggle in vain to express; for it is as natural to average human nature to cry out, to utter something of itself when it is moved, as it is for a dumb animal to cry out if in pain. Many will remember a humorous sketch in *Punch* a year or two ago, representing a furious old gentleman and an inwardly exasperated young lady who had happened to meet upon the platform of a railway station, and had just missed the same train; the last carriage was fading away round the curve. The old gentleman, purple in the face, was indulging in the luxury of a good swear; but the lady, though inwardly quite as annoyed, was naturally debarred from that form of relief. When, however, the old gentleman had concluded, she turned to him gratefully and said, "Thank you, so much!"

This delicious incident, whether true or imaginary, affords an excellent illustration of a need that is far from being limited to occasions of annoyance; it is but an example of an almost universal desire to express one's emotions, either personally or vicariously, whenever they reach a certain intensity. And so it is in literature, when we find some writer who expresses our feelings better than we could do it ourselves; whose thoughts we seem to recognize as our own as soon as they are uttered; who, in reality, puts into form truths and feelings that floated only like misty, troublous shapes before our unaided eyes, and articulates in plain words, comforting to read, what we ourselves should never have grasped fully enough to state. We turn to him

gratefully and exclaim, "Thank you, so much!" Half the charm of all literature is the relief of vicarious speech. This one cannot help thinking is a truer explanation of Jefferies' success than that which Mr. Besant seems to favor in his sympathetic eulogy. "Why," he says, "we must have been blind all our lives; here were the most wonderful things going on under our very noses, but we saw them not." With all apologies to Mr. Besant, one may venture to think that most of Jefferies' admirers saw them and see them very well. The trouble is, that they cannot speak them; the charm of Jefferies is that he can. His claim upon them is not that he shows them what they never saw before and never could have seen without his aid, it is that he can sing what they see aloud; and that so deeply and sweetly that they, stutters as they are, are well content to be silent.

For it is Jefferies' distinction that he alone of all his class has caught the spirit of earth. He can put the breath of the morning on paper that others may read and breathe; and the sunlight of the meadow, the chequered shadows of the deep woods, the grey mist of evening—he has found their equivalents in words. Nothing so small that it can escape his notice, nothing so subtle as to elude his powers of description, his birds sing among the leaves of summer; and his catalogues of flowers are no catalogues after all, because, ungathered, they grow upon the banks among the grasses.

But if his power of articulation is the immediate cause of Jefferies' pre-eminence, the cause of that power has in turn to be sought for. The fact that some men have a natural faculty of expression, are born fluent of writing as some are born fluent of speech, will by no means suffice to account for Jefferies' pre-eminence. Nothing could be more certain than that he did not exemplify one's idea of a ready writer. His power of expression is not connected with an easy and polished literary style. His constructions are often

loose and his sentences bald and unfinished.¹ The more one reads his essays, the more obvious it becomes that he could write only because he could feel, because earth was his passion; and one is tempted to think that this passion, which was the cause of his unique power of delineating her features, was due in turn to an acute sensitiveness of perception, a certain intense æstheticism that is visible in all his work.

It is in fact, not in their subjects but in the men themselves that the difference between Jefferies and his rivals lies. Wood and field are with us always, and always the same, for a man to make what he can of them. In Matthew Arnold's words—

Nature is nothing, her power
Lives in our eyes which can paint,
Lives in our hearts which can feel,

and leaving for the present the question how far his deep feeling for nature was due to his æstheticism, or how far the two reacted upon each other, one may say that it is hard to recall any other writer whose very mode of expression throbs with such a depth of emotion upon a similar subject, unless it be the writer of the Song of Solomon, or who exhibits such an acute sensitiveness to the subtler earth-phenomena, unless it be Mr. Thomas Hardy. "For lo! the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land." When we read this we can afford to put down most of the later writers, we can stretch out our hands across the centuries, having found something nearer to us; we recognize him, the truer earth-lover, down the dim ages of the past. For this is poetry, and strikes a note that cannot be heard in any of the modern magazine articles, save those of Richard Jefferies; a note that, nevertheless, must be struck before we can be moved

as Jefferies moved us. For nature cannot be described in prose; wood and field, hill and dale and sea, nay, the veriest weed-grown ditch beneath the open sky, has something in it to which prose can never do justice, and whether it be optimistic, as in the passage quoted, or as in Chaucer, or as in Shakespeare's stray pastoral lyrics, where it breathes a spirit of the purest joyousness; or pessimistic, tinged, as in Jefferies, with the melancholy of these latter days, the magic touch of deep, poetic feeling must cast its spell upon the writer before he can hope to cast any sort of spell upon others. This deep feeling doubtless lies at the root of Jefferies' distinctive art. Any man may, if he has his eyes about him and if he know their names, catalogue and minutely describe every flower and grass in the most luxuriant hedgerow in the world. And when he has done, we shall know their names and something of the appearance of each individual plant; we shall not see the hedgerow. We shall not be led by any other, through those dreamy ways of thought and poetical musings that are the characteristic of Richard Jefferies; that are so tender, so fanciful, and so suggestive that we feel him to be more poet than naturalist after all. He does not moralize:—

A primrose by a river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more.

But there have been few, not even the poet Wordsworth, more deeply moved by it. Jefferies drew no lessons from his hedgerow flowers, only wonderings and dreams. You may catch Thoreau moralizing like a Dr. Watts. He makes his creatures subserve his moral purposes and reads at times like a glorified copy-book. Jefferies makes them satisfy his æsthetic cravings, and reads like poetry that might move a man to tears.

There is, however, a twofold difficulty to be overcome by any defender of Richard Jefferies' memory. It is in the first place the necessity of adducing quotations in support of remarks.

¹ A recent author has claimed a high excellence of literary style for Richard Jefferies; but while willingly admitting that passages of great beauty are scattered plentifully throughout his works, I can find no grounds for withdrawing the above remarks.

that must otherwise bear the semblance of mere assertion; and it is in the second the impossibility of quoting, in contrast, the writings of the less inspired.

Where the author under consideration deals in a certain class of subject, where, for instance, he is a logician whose lucidity is to be illustrated, where he is an historian whose power of dramatic realization is in dispute, or where he is a maker of shrewd sayings whose epigrammatic faculty is to be displayed, quotations are the easiest and the most conclusive of all evidence that may be brought. But when in the writing under consideration there is nothing intended to be proved, nothing dramatic described, nothing that could conceivably lend itself to epigrammatic expression, quotation is apt to fail as evidence of any sort and to become at once a necessity and a difficulty. It is in fact impossible to do justice to Richard Jefferies in any quotation short of the length of an entire magazine article, which would preclude the possibility of any introductory or concluding remarks. For his descriptions grow upon you as you read, just as the beauty of his subject, whatever it may chance to be—a spring morning, a summer night, an autumn afternoon—grows upon you in reality as you wait alone in the open air to feel it. It is at once the chief difficulty of his reviewer and the best proof of the truth of his art.

Upon the other hand a quotation from one competitor is a poor starting ground for a comparison; yet to pillory an extract from the less inspired would be an invidious and ungracious task, too ungracious to be permissible. It is open to all who desire to make the comparison to purchase one of Jefferies' books (except the more purely practical and agricultural volumes, for Jefferies had a practical side to his nature) and to consider it with reference to one of anybody else's. Much that is in Jefferies will be found equalled by others, but that which is equalled is not Jefferies' best. The peculiar charm of the latter is so subtle that it evades

exact description. But while observation and accurate delineation of detail may be allowed to belong to many, Jefferies included, it is in most cases the writer's sole stock in trade; only Richard Jefferies can unite by details into a living whole, can by mere art of phraseology make his pictures live, his winds blow, his birds sing, his flowers bloom; only he can cast that glamour over his painted woods and fields that, defying all actual material surroundings, can transport us more completely, line by line, from the fireplace and the armchair to the woods of April or the chill October downs.

But even Jefferies cannot do this in a few lines. His mood, too, varies, being sometimes purely descriptive, sometimes purely meditative, oftener with a happy combination of the two. Quotations, to do him justice, should show him in all moods; they should display his observant eye for detail and his delicate perception of atmospheric and terrestrial phenomena. They should exemplify his passion for beauty and his dreamy meditations, the underlying infinitely tender melancholy that is its only natural fruit. How to do all this in a few pages is an unsatisfactory problem, because it cannot be completely solved, and because to leave it incompletely solved is to fail in one's aim and object. Consider, however, the following extract from an essay called "Wheatfields." It is no ordinary work, though almost purely descriptive. It is the result of an intimate acquaintance with the living earth; the work of a man who had lingered many and many a time over the same scenes before he ever thought of speaking at all; and even this is sufficient to make it live a little longer than some others.

"How swiftly the much-desired summer comes upon us. Even with the reapers at work before one it is difficult to realize that it has not only come, but will soon be passing away. Sweet summer is but just long enough for the happy loves of the larks. It seems but yesterday (it is really five months since) that, leaning against the gate there,

I watched a lark and his affianced on the ground among the grey stubble of last year still standing. His crest was high and his form upright, he ran a little way and then sang, went on again and sang again to his love moving parallel with him. Then passing from the old dead stubble to fresh-turned furrows, still they went, side by side, now down in the valley between the clods, now mounting the ridges, but always together, always with song and joy, till I lost them across the brown earth. But even then from time to time came the sweet voice full of hope in the coming of summer.

"The day declined, and from the cold, clear sky of March the moon looked down, gleaming on the smooth plain furrow where the plough had passed. . . . The evenings became dark, still he rose above the shadows and the dusky earth, and his song fell from the bosom of the night. With the full, untiring choir the joyous host heralded the birth of the corn; the slender, forceless seed leaves, which came quietly up until they had risen above the proud crests of the lovers. . . . Yellow charlock shot up faster and shone bright above the corn; the oaks showered down their green flowers like moss upon the ground, the tree pipits sang on the branches and descended to the wheat. The rusty chain harrow lying inside the gate, all tangled together, was concealed with grasses. Yonder the magpies fluttered over the beans among which they are always searching in spring. . . . Time advanced again, and afar on the slope bright yellow mustard flowered, a hill of yellow behind the elms. The luxuriant purple trifolium, acres of rich color, glowed in the sunlight. There was a scent of flowering beans, the vetches were in flower, and the peas which clung together for support—the stalk of the pea goes through the leaf as a painter thrusts his thumb through his palette. Under the edge of the footpath through the wheat a wild pansy blooms. Standing in the gateway beneath the shelter of the elm, as the clouds come over, it is pleasant to

hear the cool refreshing rain come softly down; the green wheat drinks it as it falls, so that hardly a drop reaches the ground, and to-morrow it will be as dry as ever. . . . It is midsummer, and midsummer, like a bride, is decked in white. On the high-reaching briars white June roses; white flowers on the lowly brambles; broad, white umbels of elder in the corner, and white cornels blooming under the elm; honey-suckle hanging creamy white coronals round the ash boughs; white meadow-sweet flowering on the shore of the ditch; white clover, too, beside the gateway. . . . Thus the coming out of the wheat into ear is marked and welcomed with the purest color. . . . The elm has a fresh green—it has put forth its second or midsummer shoot; the young leaves of the aspen are white, and the tree as the wind touches it seems to turn grey. The furrows run to the ditch under the reeds, the ditch declines to a little streamlet which winds all hidden by willow-herb, and rush, and flag, a mere trickle of water under brooklime, away at the feet of the corn. In the shadow, deep down beneath the crumbling bank, which is only held up by the roots of the grasses, is a forget-me-not, with a tiny circle of yellow in the centre of its petals.

"The coming of the ears of wheat forms an era and a date, a fixed point in the story of the summer. . . . At noonday, as the light breeze comes over, the wheat rustles the more because the stalks are stiffening and swing from side to side from the root instead of yielding up the stem. Stay now at every gateway and lean over while the midsummer hum sounds above. It is a peculiar sound, not like the querulous buzz of the honey, nor the drone of the bumble bee, but a sharp ringing resonance like that of a tuning fork. Here the barley has taken a different tint now the beard is out; here the oats are struggling forth from their sheath; here a pungent odor of mustard in flower comes in the air; there a poppy pants with broad petals flung back and drooping, unable to up-

hold its gorgeous robes. . . . In the evening, as the dew gathers on the grass, which feels cooler to the hand some time before the actual deposit, the clover and vetches close their leaves—the signal the hares have been waiting for to venture from the sides of the fields, where they have been cautiously roaming, and take bolder strolls across the open and along the lane. The aspens rustle louder in the stillness of the evening; their leaves not only sway to and fro, but semi-rotate upon their stalks, which causes their scintillating appearance. The stars presently shine from the pale blue sky, and the wheat shimmers dimly white beneath them.

“So time advances till, to-day, watching the reapers from the shadow of the copse, it seems as if within that golden expanse there must be something hidden, could you but rush in quickly and seize it—some treasure of the sunshine; and there is a treasure, a treasure of life stored in those little grains, the slow product of the sun. But it cannot be grasped in an impatient moment, it must be gathered with labor. . . . How many times the horses stayed in this sheltered corner while the ploughmen and their lads ate their crusts! How many times the farmer and the bailiff, with their hands behind their backs, considering, walked along the hedge, taking counsel of the earth if they had done right! How many times hard gold and silver was paid over at the farmer's door for labor while yet the plant was green; how many considering cups of ale were emptied in planning out the future harvest.

“Now it is come, and still more labor—look at the reapers yonder—and after that more time and more labor before the sacks go to the market. Hard toil and hard fare; the bread which the reapers have brought with them for their luncheon is hard and dry, the heat has dried it like a chip. In the corner of the field the women have gathered some sticks and lit a fire—the flame is scarce seen in the sunlight and the sticks seem eaten

away as they burn by some invisible power. They are boiling their kettle, and their bread too—which they will soak in the tea—is dry and chip-like. Aside on the ground by the hedge is a handkerchief tied at the corner, with a few mushrooms in it. . . . By the copse here now the teazles lift their spiny heads high in the hedge, the young nuts are browning, the wild mints flowering on the shores of the ditch, and the reapers are cutting ceaselessly at the ripe corn. . . . Hares raced about it in the spring, and even in the May sunshine might be seen rambling over the slopes. As it grew higher it hid the leverets and the partridge chicks. Toll has been taken by rook and sparrow and pigeon. Enemies too have assailed it; the daring couch invaded it; the bind-weed climbed up the stalk, the storm rushed along and bent it down, yet it triumphed, and to-day the full sheaves lean against each other.”

Scant justice as these mutilated extracts do to the entire essay, it will be seen that it is worth one's notice. A cornfield is more to this man than to most. All the while it grew out of the soil it grew into his heart. It has given him food for many meditative hours; he has grasped it in its entirety; it is to him symbolic of so much, connected with so much, that its placid life beneath the slow changes of the sun has come to affect him as a stirring narrative of incident. To his fancy it is no more the unexciting progress of mere vegetable growth; it has become an epic.

Something of this spirit may be seen again in an essay entitled “Round a London Copse,” especially in that portion devoted to an exquisite description of a deserted wayside orchard:—

“There are still in October a few red apples on the boughs of the trees in a little orchard beside the same road. It is a natural orchard—left to itself—therefore there is always something to see in it. The palings by the road are falling, and are held up chiefly by the branches about them and the ivy that has climbed up. Trees stand on the

right and trees on the left ; there is a tall spruce fir at the back. The apple-trees are not set in straight lines. They were at first, but some have died away and left an irregularity ; the trees lean this way and that, and they are scarred and marked as it were with lichen and moss. It is the home of birds. A blackbird has its nest this spring in the bushes on the left side, a nightingale another in the bushes on the right, and there the nightingale sang under the shadow of a hornbeam for hours every morning while 'City' men were hurrying past to their train. . . . On a bare bough, but lately scourged by the east wind, the apple-bloom appears, set about with the green of the hedges and the dark spruce behind. White horse-chestnut blooms stand up in their stately way, lighting the path which is strewn with the green, moss-like flowers fallen from the oaks. There is an early bush of may. When the young apples take form and shape the grass is so high even the buttercups are overtopped by it. Along the edge of the roadside footpath, where the dandelions, plantains, and grasses are thick with seed, the green-finches come down and feed.

"Now the apples are red that are left as they hang on the boughs, from which the leaves are blown at every gust. But it does not matter when you pass, summer or autumn, this little orchard has always something to offer. It is not neglected — it is true attention to leave it to itself.

"Left to itself, so that the grass reaches its fullest height ; so that bryony vines trail over the bushes and stay till the berries fall of their own ripeness ; so that the brown leaves lie and are not swept away unless the wind chooses ; so that all things follow their own course and bent. The hedge opposite in autumn, when reapers are busy with the sheaves, is white with the large trumpet-flowers of the great wild convolvulus (or bind-weed). . . . Without a path through it, without a border or parterre, unassisted and left alone, the orchard has acquired an atmosphere of quiet and stillness such as

grows up in woods and far-away lonely places. It is so commonplace and unpretentious that passers-by do not notice it ; it is merely a corner of meadow dotted with apple-trees, a place that needs frequent glances and a dreamy mood to understand as the birds understand it. They are always there. In spring thrushes move along rustling the fallen leaves as they search among the arum sheaves unrolling beside sheltering palings. There are nooks and corners whence shy creatures can steal out from the shadow and be happy. There is a loving streak of sunshine somewhere among the tree-trunks."

Thus to Jefferies the neglected orchard without the grandeur of remote mountain scenery, without the orderly comfort of a cultivated garden, is yet full of a nameless fascination because it is full of humble but memorable life. His cascade is the quiet trickle in the ditch amid the last year's leaves ; his wild beasts are the mouse and the squirrel ; his scenic effects are the white blossom of the apple-trees and the red gliut of the sinking sun upon fallen palings and grey, withered grass. Such scenes as these are to him ever rememberable ; they feed his fancy with sweet memories that make his long winter evenings full of a rich delight ; they are what a traveller's past is to him when, an old man, he wanders in the spirit over far distant lands. He remembers a town full of a strange people ; southern suns beneath whose mellow shining dark women grew strangely beautiful and languid eyed ; he recalls a surf-beaten coral isle, a brush with the blacks, the ceremony of the crossing of the Line. Jefferies knows nothing of all these, yet he is not destitute ; for he remembers many a pleasant gateway, woodland lights and shadows ; a haunted, mouldering barn, an orchard, a quiet valley.

There is in "Haunts of the Lapping" a passage very typical of his knack of immediately taking his reader out of doors ; a knack never quite successfully caught by any other writer. "Sodden leaves lie in the furrow along

the side of the copse; broken and decaying burdocks still uphold their jagged stems, but will be soaked away by degrees; dank grasses droop outwards; the red seed of a dock is all that remains of the berries and fruit, the seeds and grain of autumn. Like the hedge the copse is vacant. Nothing moves within, watch it as carefully as I may. The boughs are blackened by wet, and would touch cold. From the grasses to the branches there is nothing any one would like to handle, and I stand apart even from the bush that keeps away the rain." It is evidently an unpleasant, drizzling, winter's afternoon.

But Jefferies has a deeper, tenderer mood than these. If you want to know the man yet better, you must read some such essay as "July Grass," where he touches a deeper chord of feeling, and in consequence gives us a clearer insight into the secret of his skill; but once again he will suffer the injustice of an abridged quotation:—

"A July fly went sideways over the long grass. His wings made a burr about him like a net, beating so fast they wrapped him round with a cloud. Every now and then as he flew over the trees of grass a taller one than common stopped him, and there he clung, and then the eye had time to see the scarlet spots, the loveliest color, on his wings. The wind swung the burnet and loosened his hold, and away he went over the grasses, and not one jot did he care if they were *Poa* or *Festuca*, or *Bromus*, or *Hordeum*, or any other name. Names were nothing to him; all he had to do was to whirl his scarlet spots about in the brilliant sun, rest when he liked, and go on again. I wonder whether it is joy to have scarlet spots, and to be clad in the purple and gold of life; is the color felt by the creature that wears it?

"The fly whirls its scarlet-spotted wings about and splashes himself with sunlight, like children on the sands. He thinks not of the grass and sun, he does not heed them at all—and that is why he is so happy—any more than the barefoot children ask why the sea

is there and why it does not quite dry up when it ebbs. He is unconscious; he lives without thinking about living; and if the sunshine were a hundred hours long still it would not be long enough. No, never enough of sun and sliding shadows, that come like a hand over the table to lovingly reach our shoulder; never enough of the grass that smells as a flower, not if we could live years and years, equal in number to the tides that have ebbed and flowed, counting backwards four years to every day and night, backward still till we found out which came first, the night or the day. The scarlet-dotted fly knows nothing of the names of the grasses that grow here where the sward nears the sea, and, thinking of him, I have decided not to wilfully seek to learn any more of their names either. My big grass-book I have left at home, and the dust is settling on the gold of the binding. I have picked a handful this morning of which I know nothing. I will sit here on the turf, and the scarlet-dotted fly shall pass over me as if I too were but a grass. I will not think. I will be unconscious. I will live.

"Listen! that was the sound of a summer wavelet striking the uncovered rock over there beneath in the green sea. All things that are beautiful are found by chance, like everything that is good. Here by me is a praying-rug, just wide enough to kneel on, of the richest gold interwoven with crimson. All the sultans of the East never had such beauty as that to kneel on. It is, indeed, too beautiful to kneel on, for the life of those golden flowers must not be broken down even for that purpose. They must not be defaced, not a stem bent; it is more reverent not to kneel on them, for this carpet prays itself. I will sit by it and let it pray for me. It is so common, this bird's-foot lotus, it grows everywhere; yet, if I purposely searched for days I should not have found a plot like this, so rich, so golden, so glowing with sunshine. You might pass it by in one stride, yet is it worthy to be thought of for a week and remembered for a year.

"The July grasses must be looked for in corners and out-of-the-way places, and not in the broad acres—the scythe has taken them there. By the wayside, on the banks of the lane, near the gateway—look, too, in the uninteresting places behind incomplete buildings on the mounds cast up from abandoned foundations where speculation has been and gone. . . . Some of the finest grow by the mere roadside; you may look for others up the lanes in the deep ruts; look, too, inside the hollow trees by the stream. In a morning you may easily garner together a great sheaf of this harvest. Cut the larger stems aslant, like the reeds imitated in old green glass. You must consider as you gather them, the height and slenderness of the stems, the droop and degree of curve, the shape and color of the panicle, the dusting of the pollen, the motion and sway in the wind. The sheaf you may take home with you, but the wind that was among it stays without."

It is not too much to say that there is nothing like this to be found in other writers. Where then lies his peculiar charm? His passionate sensitiveness to the beauty of earth is the secret of his success; but there never was passion without pain, and it is this that distinguishes him from all who have as yet essayed to follow in his footsteps. Often again, as you read the best of their pages, you will note the accuracy and admire the truth of detail that you have seen before in the writings of a greater than they; but you will look in vain for the passion that worked beneath. These are gayer spirits, less meditative, palpably less melancholy and disturbed in soul; and looking first at them, and then at those other whose troubled days found miserable ending years ago, you will recognize that another name must be added to the long roll of those to whom genius has sold herself dear.

In truth it should need but little insistence to call attention to Jefferies' pre-eminence. Literary criticism may be expected to be the gift of the more cultured few, but surely every English-

man should know the likeness of his land, and be able to discern the true exponent of her spirit from those to whom she has revealed herself less liberally. For the standing slight to Jefferies' memory, repeated *ad nauseam* in journalistic malcomparisons, is also a standing reproach to the public that accepts these comparisons so gullibly.

What will make Jefferies live when others are forgotten is, that vivifying passion for earth, whose place is taken by mere affection in his disciples. "Never was such a worshipper of earth," he cries of himself, in the saddest of all his essays, "Hours of Spring," and none who have read largely of his writings will be likely to doubt him. Just to read one single essay, "Wild Flowers," ought to make all argument upon this point unnecessary; as if deemed unconvincing it will certainly prove it useless.

"I came every day to walk slowly up and down the plain road, by the starry flowers under the ash-green boughs; ash is the coolest, softest green. The bees went drifting over my head, as they cleared the hedges they passed by my ears, the wind singing in their shrill wings. White tent-walls of cloud—a warm white, being full to overflowing of sunshine—stretched across from ash-top to ash-top a cloud-canvas roof, a tent-palace of the delicious air. For of all things there is none so sweet as sweet air—one great flower it is, drawn round about, over, and enclosing, like Aphrodite's arms; as if the dome of the sky were a bell-flower, drooping down over us, and the magical essence of it filling all the room of the earth. Sweetest of all things is wild-flower air. Full of their ideal the starry flowers strained upwards on the bank, striving to keep above the rude grasses that pushed by them; genius has ever had such a struggle. The plain road was made beautiful by the many thoughts it gave. I came every morning to stay by the star-lit bank. A friend said, 'Why do you go the same way every day? Why not have a change, and walk somewhere else sometimes? Why keep on up and down the same place?'

I could not answer ; till then it had not occurred to me that I always did go one way ; as for the reason of it, I could not tell. . . . I do not want change. I want the same old and loved things, the same wild flowers, the same trees and soft ash-green ; the turtle-doves, the blackbirds, the colored yellowhammer sing, sing, singing so long as there is light to cast a shadow on the dial, for such is the measure of his song, and I want them in the same place. Let me find them morning after morning, the starry-white petals radiating, striving upwards to their ideal. Let me see idle shadows resting on the white dust ; let me hear the bumblebees, and stay to look down on the rich dandelion disk. Let me see the very thistles opening their great crowns — I should miss the thistles ; swifts shot through the air with outstretched wings ; . . . the chaffinch with a feather in her bill ; all the living staircase of the Spring, step by step, upwards to the great gallery of Summer — let me watch the same succession year by year. Why, I knew the very dates of them all : the reddening elm, the arum, the hawthorn leaf, the celandine, the may, the yellow iris of the waters, the heath of the hillside. . . . Past the shadowless winter, when it is all shade, and therefore no shadow, onwards to the first coltsfoot, and on to the seed-time again. I knew the dates of all of them. I did not want change. I wanted the same flowers to return on the same day, the tit-lark to rise soaring from the same oak to fetch down love with a song from heaven to his mate on the nest beneath. No change, no new thing. . . . In vain ; the very next year was different, even in the same place — that had been a year of rain, and the flag-flowers were wonderful to see ; *this* was a dry year, and the flags not half the height, the gold of the flower not so deep. Next year the fatal bill-hook came and swept away a slow-grown hedge that had given me a crab-blossom in cuckoo-time, and hazel-nuts in harvest. Never again the same, even in the same place. . . . Nothing twice. Time changes and the

places that knew us, and if we go back in after years, still even then it is not the old spot ; the gate swings differently, new thatch has been put on the old gables, the road has been widened, and the sward the driven sheep lingered on is gone. Who dares think, then ? For faces fade as flowers, and there is no consolation. So now I am sure I was right in always walking the same way, by the starry flowers striving upwards on a slender ancestry of stem. I would follow the plain old road of to-day, if I could. Let change be far from me ; that irresistible change must come, is bitter indeed. Give me the old road, the same flowers — they were only stichwort — the old succession of days and garland ever weaving into it fresh wild flowers from far and near. Fetch them from distant mountains, discover them on decaying walls, in unsuspected corners ; though never seen before, still they are the same ; there has been a place in the heart waiting for them." Again and again he cries it out ; he cannot keep silence upon it ; it is his passion. "I cannot leave it," he says elsewhere. "I must stay under the old tree in the midst of the long grass, the luxury of the leaves, and the song in the very air. I seem as if I could feel all the glowing life the sunshine gives, and the south wind calls to being. . . . Never could I have enough, whether here or whether lying on the shorter sward under the sweeping and peaceful birches, or on the thyme-scented hills."

There are countless passages like these, throbbing with love of earth, written passionately with strained heart ; but these must suffice to show something of its intensity.

And yet it might serve to sober the self-confidence of those that step so jauntily into his vacated throne, and tend to produce a more critical discernment upon the part of the reviewers, whose motto seems to be "*Le roi est mort, Vive le roi,*" if their attentions were to be called for a moment to Richard Jefferies at an hour when the price demanded of him for the possession of his powers began to be more

than ever apparent; when the deep joy he had had of earth began to yield to the proportionately deep agony of leaving it; when, a dying man, it dawned upon him that he should never see the fields again until he was dead, save through the window only.

"I wonder to myself how they can all get on without me, how they manage, birds and flowers, without me to keep the calendar for them. For I noted it so carefully and lovingly day by day. . . . Every blade of grass was mine, as though I had planted it separately. They were all my pets, as the roses the lover of his garden tends so faithfully. All the grasses of the meadow were my pets, I loved them all. . . . Under the wind it seemed to dry and become grey, and the starlings running to and fro on the surface that did not sink, now stood high above it and were larger. The dust, that drifted along, blessed it and it grew. Day by day a change; always a note to make. The moss drying on the tree trunks, dog's mercury stirring under the ash-poles, bird's-claw buds of beech lengthening, books upon books to be filled with these things. I cannot think how they manage without me.

"To-day through the window-pane I see a lark high up against the grey cloud, and hear his song. I cannot walk about and arrange with the buds and the gorse-bloom: how does he know it is time for him to sing? . . . How can they manage without me? For they were so much to me, I had come to feel that I was as much in return to them. The old, old error. I love the earth, therefore the earth loves me. . . . They manage without me very well; they know their times and seasons. . . . They go on without me — orchis flower and cowslip — I cannot number them all; I hear as it were the patter of their feet; flower and bud and the beautiful clouds that go over, with the sweet rush of rain and burst of sun-glory among the leafy trees. They go on and I am no more than the least of the empty shells that strewed the sward of the hill. Nature sets no value upon life, neither of mine,

nor of the larks that sang years ago. The earth is all in all to me, but I am nothing to the earth; it is bitter to know this before you are dead. . . . High up against the grey cloud I hear the lark through the window singing, and each note falls into my heart like a knife."

This, then, is how he feels it. Nature is his mistress, and, like many true lovers, he loves her to his cost. It is bitter to him; he writes it down for the relief of his soul in words, such as a man may scarce find voice to read aloud. Long ago, loitering beneath the trees, he said, "I cannot leave it." He does not say it any more; but his thoughts are still with the old sunny summer days when he lay upon the grass of the hills and "burnt life like a torch;" the song of the chaffinch filtering through cool vistas of green leaves; the boom of the wild bee about the scented thyme; the white cloud fleeces floating lazily high above him across the melting blue. It is all before his eyes; part of it he can still see from his window, and the song of the lark tinkles faintly through the glass of the pane.

"I cannot leave it!" No use to cry it now. A voice is calling him, "Away, away," from the sunny summer and the songs of birds and the "warm winds that breathe hotly" with the scent of clover and hay; away, he knows not whither — somewhere — out into the dark! The raven of fate sits on his breast, crying "Nevermore!"

I know nothing more piteous than this, nothing either that gives so clear an insight into the secret of his art; nothing that could have furnished us with so strong an *à priori* ground for anticipating an unparalleled success, or can supply a firmer basis for a present opinion of his pre-eminence. When one reads the above quotations it is not hard to guess why he could write as no one else could, or can to this day. Even as his passion for earth was unique, so was the result of that passion, his art, unique also. Certain people, judging Jefferies by his words, which he ever cried were too weak for

his meaning, have said, "I feel like that, why cannot I write like it too?" It should, in truth, need but little consideration to perceive their error. What Jefferies wrote was not what he felt; half of it, perhaps, no more. It is not given to any of us to speak all our hearts, and they who *feel* as Jefferies wrote must feel very much more, as he did himself, before they can hope to emulate him.

"Not every one that sayeth Lord, Lord!" Not every one that calls himself a nature-lover is admitted to her innermost secrets; not every one that loves to hear the birds sing and to see the primroses come out upon an April bank, has learnt the full significance of either.

IRVING MUNTZ.

From Temple Bar.

THE TREES AND FLOWERS OF TENNYSON.

NOTHING is more irritating to those who really know the country, with all its trees and flowers, than to read the faulty descriptions of nature—the purple patches of impossible flowers—the trees which grow all together, only in print—which adorn the pages of many modern writers. It would be invidious to quote examples of this from contemporaries, and fortunately there are exceptions. Two at least of our foremost living novelists, Meredith and Hardy, are both well informed in these matters, so that the purple loosestrife, the creamy meadowsweet, and other favorites of the roamer in the fields, appear frequently in their pages; but we may wander miles and miles with other novelists and even poets through the country without seeing them. Trees and flowers play a still larger part in the poet's record. With him the rose, the violet, cheeks of apple-blossom, and the whiteness of the lily are common-places, since he has an especial eye for the beautiful.

A somewhat careful examination of Tennyson's works shows, I think, that flowers and all the beauties of nature play with him far more than this ordi-

nary part. His constant use of flower metaphors, and his wonderfully intimate acquaintance with nature in all her aspects, show that he knew and loved the country, and sang, to the delight of all country-lovers, of many beautiful things, which poets usually leave unhonored and unsung; he must have known his wild flowers as Shakespeare did, and loved them like Keats. There is so much that is admirable in all Tennyson's descriptions of nature that it is difficult to select—to omit, as one must, many perfect passages. If ever a hand was free from the commonplace

Was uns alle bändigt, das gemeine,

it was that of the late laureate. He has an eye for everything; he sees beauties everywhere; he has told us in the Demeter volume that he loves even the winter woods, "the branching grace of leafless elm or naked lime." And on the subject of trees in leaf and flower how learned, how finely observant he is! With the old bachelor of Cranford we cannot help agreeing that "the cedar spreads his dark-green layers of shade" is a wonderful piece of description, and many of us, even country-bred folks, would perhaps deserve his indignant and self-accusing commentary on the text "'hair . . . more black than ash-buds in the front of March,' which was: 'Black as ash-buds in March.' And I've lived all my life in the country; more shame for me not to know. Black: they are jet black, madam!"

Of all the trees the chestnut seems to have been a favorite with Tennyson; he has described it so often. The damsel of "The Brook" has hair "in gloss and hue the chestnut, when the shell divides threefold to show the fruit within." Elsewhere "the chestnut towers in his bloom;" "those three chestnuts near that hung in masses thick with milky cones;" "chestnuts when their buds were glistening to the breezy blue;" "through the faded leaf the chestnut pattering to the ground." Leolin (in "Aylmer's Field") has a "but less vivid hue,

than of that islet in the chestnut bloom" flaming in his cheek.

The quaint form and coloring of the willow, which have attached much romance and folk-lore to it, are also felicitously recorded. "Willows whiten," in the "Lady of Shalott;" elsewhere they are called "shockhead" and "humpbacked."

The oak, that particularly English tree, is also much in evidence all through his work. "The solemn oak-tree sigheth" in "Claribel," is glorified in the "Talking Oak," and forms the subject of two fine passages in the "Foresters," worthy to be put beside Keats's oaks in "Hyperion" —

 hundreds of huge oaks,
Gnarled — older than the thrones of Europe
— look !
What breadth, height, strength ! torrents
of eddying bark.

And again this grand solidity of our national tree, this feeling of "Robur et æs triplex," is insisted on at the close of the poem : —

Meanwhile farewell, old friends, old patriarch oaks,
A hundred winters will strip you as bare as death,
A hundred summers robe you life-green again.

But a carping critic may say that the introduction of oaks in a drama called the "Foresters" was inevitable. How would this same critic feel, if he had to describe the blossom of the elm-tree, though he has probably seen it on most days of his life—even in London? Tennyson has got it beautifully : —

Our elm-tree's ruddy hearted blossom-flake
is fluttering down.

Elsewhere we read of "the windy tall elm-tree;" "rocked the full-foliaged elms;" which suffer much loss, sometimes of enormous branches, when their sturdier neighbors weather the storm; branches which are described well as "broad-curved branches, fledged with clearest green, new from its silken sheath."

For autumn he had evidently a loving eye, and nowhere is he more felic-

itous than in describing her changes. "In Memoriam" gives us the beautiful lines : —

Autumn laying here and there
A fiery finger on the leaves ;

and even the "moist, rich smell of the rotting leaves" does not escape the poet. As winter comes on, "the last red leaf is whirled away," but all color is not gone. In "A Dedication" we read of —

 the fruit
Which in our winter woodland looks a
flower.

This is the brilliant coral-red of the spindle-tree (*Euonymus europæus*). There are sounds also as well as sights; the trees grate against one another, "old boughs whine in the woods," or "gride" as "In Memoriam" has it — a wonderful word, with the full sound of the Virgilian "stridere." One of the most striking sights of autumn is the mass of greyish-white presented by the seed of the traveller's joy (*Clematis vitalba*), popularly "old man's beard," which covers some trees and hedges. Tennyson has noticed it in his cottage, "parcel-bearded with the traveller's joy," and —

oaken stock in winter woods,
Oe'rflowed with the hoary clematis.

Other creepers are well represented. The woodbine (Milton's *eglantine*) is a commonplace among poets, and doubtless owes its popularity among them to the beauty of its two names, woodbine and honeysuckle. Like another modern poet, Tennyson has marked its especially sweet smell at night, to which the present writer can fully testify, in the Idyls : —

Good Lord ! how sweetly smells the honeysuckle in the hush'd night.

The large white convolvulus or bindweed (*Convolvulus major*) is coupled with the briony : —

Made tremble in the hedge the fragile bindweed bells and briony rings.

His description of the convolvulus is but too correct; it is no use to pick it, for it fades almost immediately. The briony lasts better, and with its vine-

like tendrils (Tennyson justly calls it the "briony vine") makes a beautiful ornament for decorative purposes in the autumn, when it supplies at once beautiful leaves of a red-purple, young shoots of brilliant green, and red berries.

Though all the effects of nature (see "The Progress of Spring" for much delicate observation and description) are well known to our author, there are two which seem from their frequent recurrence in his pages to be foremost in his mind—the effects of light and shade, and green brilliances of all kinds. It will be sufficient to quote the passages—

Witch-elms that counter-change the floor
Of this flat lawn with dark and light,

"interchange of dark and bright," "a chequer-work of beam and shade," and (in the Idyls) "never light and shade coursed one another more on open ground."

For green I would quote "a fancy as summer new, as the green of the bracken amid the gloom of the heather;" "The damp hillslopes were quickened into green, and the *live* green had kindled into flowers;" "thro' lush green grasses burned the red anemone;" "where now the seamew pipes or dives, in yonder greening gleam;" "the green gleam of dewy-tasselled trees."

To turn now to garden shrubs and plants, though it is hard to leave much unmentioned of this quality—

That beech will gather brown,
This maple burn itself away.

Tennyson speaks of "a skin as clean and white as privet when it flowers," and truly the privet with its prim leaves and small white flowers looks a very Puritan for neatness and simplicity. References to the flowers of our gardens of course abound, and many will occur at once to the Tennyson reader. The rose and the lily play more than a commonplace part in "Maud," where indeed all the flowers are interested spectators of the drama. Passages such as

A walk of roses ran from door to door,
A walk of lilies crost it to the bower,

from the Idyls, might have been written by many others; and bell-flowers, though we may be grateful to Tennyson for preserving the old-fashioned name "Canterbury bells," are easily paralleled from many poets. Perhaps the beautiful line, "Love like an Alpine harebell hung with tears," deserves an especial mention; he has written a poem to the snowdrop, which is styled "February-fair-maid," and it forms a fitting part of his picture of "St. Agnes Eve," which, as W. E. Henley has pointed out, is so dazzlingly pure in its whiteness, and a contrast to Keats's brilliantly colored poem on the same subject. Of the early spring, with its violets, primroses, and crocuses, our poet is never tired, and has avowed his especial love for April, being an Elizabethan in this as in many other things, so that it is surprising to find comparatively little mention of the daffodil. It is hardly to be found anywhere except in "Maud," and "the sonnet to the Nineteenth Century"—"Here in this roaming moon of daffodil and crocus." Perhaps Tennyson felt that it had been so fully celebrated elsewhere as to become hackneyed, in spite of all its beauty. However this may be, he has no such feelings about the violet, which appears everywhere, in many delightful passages. Many will remember the beautiful

my regret

Becomes an April violet,
And buds and blossoms like the rest.

Another passage from "In Memoriam" (canto xviii.),

And from his ashes may be made
The violet of his native land,

offers a curious problem. Such an expression as that in "Aylmer's Field," "Pity, the violet on the tyrant's grave," is natural, but to make the plant spring from the dead body itself is hardly so obvious. There are two passages to which we can refer for a parallel. "Hamlet" (v. i.) has—

And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
May violets spring!

and the Roman satirist, Persius (Sat. i. 39),

nunc non e manibus illis,
Nunc non e tumulo, fortunataque favilla
Nascentur violæ,

which is still closer to the "In Memoriam" passage. Knowing the classics and Shakespeare as Tennyson did, he may have gone to either for his phrase; of course Shakespeare and Tennyson may both have known and copied the passage from Persius, who doubtless derived his idea from the Greek anthologists; but these references to special prototypes are easily overdone, as a recent writer has shown us. Perhaps one may hazard a third suggestion, that Tennyson may have derived what is unusual in the idea—the growth of a flower from the actual body—from Keats's "Pot of Basil," as he was certainly much under the influence of that poet in his earlier time. When a writer has suggested that "a cheek of apple blossom" (surely the most obvious of figures) is one of Tennyson's debts to Theocritus, one may well pause before indulging a taste for discovering correspondencies!

The rarity of very dark flowers in nature has been remarked, and we find noted, as Milton does in "Lycidas," the dark, almost black heartsease in "eyes darker than darkest pansies." The expression "crocus-purple hour," in the Demeter volume, is also probably a Latinism, meaning bright with crocus, without necessary reference to the color purple, as the Latin "purpureus" is used of any bright and brilliant color. Those who have been in Greece will appreciate the lines in "A Dream of Fair Women"—"thro' lush green grasses burn'd the red anemone;" it is of course to be seen in our gardens, but not in the brilliant and startling red masses which it forms in its wild free state. I pass by many other descriptions of "the flaming crocus," "the purple-spiked lavender," "deep tulips dashed with fiery dew," but cannot omit the praise of the laburnum. All readers will recall the exquisite "laburnums, dropping wells of fire" of "In Memoriam;" "the gold

from each laburnum chain" of the Demeter volume is equally happy. As an instance of his remarkable observation take the quince-flower. To ordinary eyes, indeed to botanical authorities the quince has large white flowers, but the poet sees deeper and better—

As light a flush

As hardly tints the blossom of the quince.

There is abundance of material for quotation and comment among the wild flowers. The water-meadows of England are one of her greatest charms, and the water-plants yield to none in color and beauty. Here we find the water-lily frequently; the "many-knotted water-flags," which Shelley was as fond of as Tennyson; the meadow-sweet, the praise of which George Meredith has made his own in "Richard Feverel;" the forget-me-not (*Myosotis palustris*) with a clearer blue than its garden brother; and the "matted cress" over which the brook "loves to purl," though at times it rises above the water to make "cressy islets white with flower."

Two plants equally familiar to those who roam by country brooks and old water-mills are the willow-weed and mallow, though, except by Tennyson, they are rarely mentioned in poetry. The willow-weed or willow-herb (*Epilobium hirsutum*) in July and August forms brilliant masses of red on the borders of our streams, or in them, and has delicately fragrant leaves. The water-mallow is also scented of musk, and its pale red blossoms are much prettier than those of its dusty roadside brother (*Malva arvensis*) with its somewhat coarse purple. "The wild marsh-marigold shines like fire in swamps and hollows gray" according to our author, and certainly its brightness at a season when color is rather wanting deserves an encomium; it fills many a gap in the May garlands which still flourish, on the first of May, in the little villages of Oxfordshire. At the same season the cuckoo-flower, or lady's-smock, raises its pale purple, almost white blossoms in the meadows. Tennyson speaks of "faint sweet,

cuckoo-flowers," but the smell is very faint indeed, if any.

Passing by many references to blue-bells, cowslips, "wildwood" hyacinths, white anemones, which the northern farmer calls "woild 'enemies," and the "long-purples" about which Shakespearian commentators dispute, one must mention two or three especially felicitous phrases such as "the frail bluebell peereth over rare broidery of the purple clover," "the dull-blooded poppy-stem," with its "flower hued with the scarlet of a fierce sunrise," "the little speedwell's darling blue" — a blue as small and bright as is the red of the tiny pimpernel. There is a fine description in the Idyls of the cloth of gold which —

Shone far off, as shines
A field of charlock in the sudden sun
Between two showers.

Here again Tennyson has chosen to use the popular name; the yellow mustard (*Sinapis arvensis*) popularly called charlock, cherlock, or kerlick, is a common sight all the summer through in the cornfields, often swamping the legitimate occupant to the farmer's ruin, but forming a show quite brilliant enough to suggest the poet's comparison.

In "The Promise of May" Tennyson has given a list of blue flowers, "bluebell, harebell, speedwell, blue-bottle, succory, forget-me-not," a list which few poets could perhaps have made so complete. The blue-bottle is more correctly the corn-flower, and succory (which Emerson calls "succory to match the sky") the chicory which is used to adulterate cheap coffee. In the Idyls, Enid is "a ragged-robin from the hedge" picked by the prince. The name "ragged-robin" is applied to two plants, but here doubtless means the tiny red geranium (*Geranium Robertianum*) whose graceful, almost fern-like foliage, and small but bright crimson blossoms peep out between the interstices of hedges; the ragged-robin proper is also rosy-red in color, but a marsh-plant, and not, as far as I have noticed, found in hedges,

but in the open. For the ordinary observer, the dog-rose (*Rosa canina*) with its delicate pink flowers, is the only wild rose, as the sweet-briar is hardly a wild plant, but there is another common rose, the trailing dog-rose (*Rosa arvensis*) which is smaller than the common dog-rose, and bears white blossoms with a brilliant yellow centre. This is the rose Tennyson means by his "wild white rose" and "bramble roses faint and pale." This year the gorse is so brilliant, in spite of many attacks on it by errant golfers, that one needs to the full his

Furzy prickie fires the dells,
to express its glories. But I must leave many other passages I should like to quote, for the grasses are also noted — "the darnel on the clay," the "bearded grass on the chalk hill" — and conclude my paper with a few instances of flower metaphors; nowhere is the poet's touch more sure, or his effect more felicitous, than in many passages of this sort. The little poem of "The Flower," which the poet planted and the people called a weed, only to steal the seed when they saw how fair it was, is perfect in its form and suggestion. Alas, that the host of imitators who have got the poet's seed cannot raise such flowers of poetry as he did! And it is the same everywhere throughout the poems; he seems to fall naturally into illustrations from flowers, whether in playful comment as —

Lightly was her nose
Tip-tilted, like the petal of a flower,
or in the regret and grief of "In Memoriam" —

Thy leaf has perished in its green (lxxv.).
But that remorseless iron hour
Made cypress of her orange flower (lxxxiv.).

and my regret
Becomes an April violet,
And buds and blossoms like the rest (cxv.).

But "In Memoriam" is a storehouse of such beautiful things; I may perhaps mention a few more instances from different periods in the poet's writing. There is the use of "the

yellow leaf" and "the greener leaf" in "The Spiteful Letter," the "daffodil sky" of "Maud," the now familiar

Wearing the white flower of a blameless life,

in the Dedication to the Idyls, and in the "Vastness" of his old age the lines —

Craft with a bunch of all-heal in her hand,
Slander sowing the nettle on all the la-
relled graves of the great.

Finally men wrangle much nowadays of life, religion, and science; is there not in this tiny poem the conclusion of the whole matter?

Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies,
I hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower—but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is.

From The Fortnightly Review.

BURNING QUESTIONS OF JAPAN.

I SUPPOSE that it is the "right thing" for the touring Britisher, who by the way grumbles at everything in his own country, to rave about all that he sees and also about what he does not see, but thinks he has seen, when he goes abroad. The further he goes, of course, the more he raves. He finds the climate delightful where it does nothing but rain in torrents morning, noon, and night, and where he is nearly blown away like a feather in a typhoon, and calls a "paradise on earth" a country where he is shaken to pieces by earthquakes once or twice a day.

Japan, for instance, is one of the countries that furnishes the tourist with all the above-named, and a good many more, atmospheric and terrestrial pastimes, yet one often hears people talk of the delightful climate of Japan. Of course, there are days in Japan when the weather is fine and the country is looking pretty, but those days are not many as far as my experience goes. One proof that the country is a very wet one is the use

of the high wooden clogs which the natives wear in place of our boots, and which are invariably removed when they enter a house. It is a custom which I must say I admire very much. It keeps one's house beautifully clean, and, to use Sir Edwin Arnold's words, it "does not make a street of one's home." What can be more odious than when some one comes in with muddy boots and leaves footprint after footprint of greasy mud on your best Persian carpet? In Japan it would be even worse, for though the rooms are seldom carpeted, lovely, clean, soft mats are on the floor, and on them you squat, crossing your toes and sitting well on your heels, no chairs, nor sofas, nor any other sitting accommodation being provided. Everything is done on the floor in the Land of the Rising Sun. You sit on the floor, you sleep on the floor, you eat on the floor. And why should one not? It is only a matter of getting accustomed to it, but otherwise it is quite as comfortable a way of doing things; in fact, sometimes even more comfortable and sensible than ours.

I do not know of anything simpler and more delightful than housekeeping in Japan—if you live *à la Japonaise*. I myself determined to try it, and having found a suitable spot to settle in, on the highest hill in Tokyo, I proceeded to engage a native servant, who was also to be my adviser as to how to furnish my establishment in strictly Japanese fashion. The furnishing was completed in less than ten minutes, and here are some of the principal items of which it consisted: two *foutangs* or thin mattresses, between which one lies at night, and a *makura*, a wooden pillow, or rather an instrument of torture for the first few nights, furnished my bedroom; a *hibachi* or brass brazier, with chopsticks to stir the fire with, and a water-kettle, made the hall cosy; and a little lacquer table, a foot square and about six inches high, with a couple of tiny little plates and a bowl, made the dining-room quite complete and replete with every comfort. Two silk cushions were placed in the sitting-

room for distinguished guests to sit on.

"Ah," said I to my servant; "but do you not think that I shall need something more?"—as, to my European mind, what I had purchased seemed somewhat insufficient to furnish a twelve-roomed house.

"No, sir," said he, in his broken English; "real Japan gentleman has no furniture." Upon which I began to feel rather sorry to have emulated the "Japan gentleman." Still I thought I would go on for the fun of the thing, and though I must confess as I went round my new abode my rooms did not look over-furnished, I decided to make the best of what I had got. It is astonishing with how little one can do if one tries, and how much better penury is than profusion. When a couple of days had elapsed, I almost began to feel that I had furnished my house too richly! I could certainly have done with a deal less.

I was thus reflecting on my extravagance early one morning as I was lying flat on the little mattress, with a most atrocious pain in my collar-bone, caused by the wooden pillow, when there was a violent tap at the front door. I looked out of my paper window, and to my astonishment saw two policemen.

"Randor-san" (the Japanese pronunciation of my name), inquired one of them as he saw me peeping through.

"There is no doubt they want me," I soliloquized as I was quickly dressing; "I wonder what is the crime I have to answer for?" I went down and received them politely, but they were very stern, and after having taken my name, nationality, age, etc., and examined my passport, informed me that I must evacuate my house at once, as no foreigner who is not in the employ of the Japanese is allowed to live outside the treaty foreign settlement of Tsukiji, in the lowest and most unhealthy part of Tokyo. The look-out was not a pleasant one, especially as I had paid six months' rent in advance; but a bright idea struck me. I jumped into a *jinricksha*, a little carriage drawn by a man, and went to

consult a Japanese friend of mine, the minister of war, who at once took the whole matter into his hands, and in a few hours obtained for me the necessary permission, to my great relief and to the great annoyance of the police, who had to come next day and meekly apologize for the disturbance they had caused me.

One of the most characteristic traits of the Japanese is their insatiable curiosity. Hardly a day went by, when I was in my paper-walled home, on which I did not receive visits from sometimes even as many as four or five natives, perfect strangers to me, who came in to pay their respects, and begged leave to be allowed to inspect all the European articles that I possessed. My unknown visitors were generally of the *soshi* or student class, and a good many times they trespassed on my time and on patience. One of these gentlemen, for instance, paid me a visit "of a few minutes," he said, one morning at about seven, and it was only after midnight that I was able to politely turn him out of the house! They are curious people. They seem to have no idea of time. There they squat, swallowing cup after cup of boiling tea, and refilling their microscopic pipes with tobacco. They light it, then one sip, one hard knock on the *hibachi* to throw out the ashes, and it has to be refilled again. Often the same pipe is passed round from one person to another, and women smoke, if not more, certainly as much as men. Since civilization has set in in Japan, many have adopted the foreign cigarette, and with it have discarded the picturesque pipe-holder and pouch, which used to hang to the girdle round the waist by a *netzki*, that had been passed through and prevented them from falling.

As we have come upon the subject of adopted customs it is curious to notice, especially in Tokyo, the number of university students that wear large, round eye-glasses. Any reasoning being would be led to believe that the majority of students were short-sighted. But no! Goggles are only put on because they are worn in Germany. And

as everything German is fashionable now in Japan, glasses are worn quite independently of the consideration whether he who wears them has good sight or not!

Another curious example I might give of these wonderful *soshis*, the half-educated and half-barbaric youths of the mikado's empire, who with their doings and their unsettled brains have, for several years now, so agitated the country, that rather than acquiesce in being led into a civil war, it has been necessary for the government to embark on the present expedition against China, so as to prevent hostilities between the strong Conservative party, who look upon European civilization as the ruin of the country, and the revolutionary party — mainly represented by the younger generations — who not only think themselves as civilized as Europeans, but actually believe that we are to learn something from them. Misunderstood socialistic and anarchist ideas have rooted themselves firmly in some of their young brains, and many a crime has been committed by these wretches on political personages, partly for the sake of personal notoriety, partly from a perverted feeling of patriotism. The murderous attack and bomb-throwing some years ago in the case of Count Okuma, who was then prime minister, had fatal results, and other criminal attempts since then have all been, unfortunately, more or less successful. Though the Japanese are so polite and courteous, and, to all appearance, possess a quiet, gentle nature, they are generally endowed with a terribly fiery temper, which, so far as I could judge, I am inclined to think tends even towards the vicious. That they are false in the extreme, and treacherous, though studiously gentle and affable in manner, is, I am sorry to say, the opinion I formed of Japanese men from what I saw of them. The women are better, but they are looked upon by men as lower beings, and are neither highly educated, nor do they take much part in anything outside domestic arrangements. The wife in the Japanese household is scarcely bet-

ter treated than a servant, and she has to superintend and do the greater part of the hardest work. She has to kneel before her husband and feed him when he comes home, and she has her own dinner when his appetite is satiated and his thirst quenched. I have often seen high officials travelling in grand style in a first-class railway carriage while the wife, who had been round to purchase the tickets and to label the luggage, was modestly packed with all the hand-bags in a third-class compartment. Except for being treated as an inferior being, and being given an occasional beating, I do not believe that Japanese wives are badly treated; on the contrary, I do not think that I have ever seen wives look as happy and content as in the land of the chrysanthemum.

I am quite sure that a certain amount of strong ruling does most women a deal of good, and the women of Japan are not exceptions to the rule. Their thoughts are directed solely to the welfare of the household and the happiness of the family, so that the whole of their time is devoted to domestic arrangements, and they do not worry their little heads with higher aspirations, which only make life miserable for their European sisters. The simplicity of their thoughts and ways, together with their graceful and modest manner, make them a sweet and charming contrast to the painfully conceited and peevish male portion of the community. If I am told that Japanese women have fascinating ways, and are extremely graceful, I agree; but when I hear them called beautiful, I cannot endorse the statement. Of course, it is difficult to define what is beautiful and what is not, as the idea of the beautiful varies with individual taste. What pleases one man does not please the other; but trying to be as open-minded as I can in expressing an opinion, I cannot help being more and more convinced that there is no purer standard for real beauty, combining simplicity of lines with grace, dignity, and refinement, than the ancient Greek.

Of course, there may be specimens of

beauty in each type among all the different races in the world, but if we take these selected types of beauty and compare them to a Greek statue, their inferiority is marked. If you should take the most beautiful of almond-eyed Japanese girls and put her by the side of the Venus of Milo, in nine chances out of ten your lovely *mouseme san* would greatly suffer in the comparison, and would hardly appear to you like a human being, but more like a grotesque and deformed caricature. If you examine the face alone, she may not look so bad when you see her full face, but if you turn her face in profile, her nose entirely disappears, and you can see the slanting eyes bulging out of the head further than the nose. Then the mouth, generally weak and with ugly shaped, hanging, heavy lips, is, to my mind, hardly improved by the paint and the little dash of gold which fascinates so many persons. Japanese women indulge greatly in painting their faces. They despise their natural sallow complexion, characteristic of the race, and try by artificial means to reduce it to a whiter tone.

Among our ladies the custom of "painting" themselves is not uncommon, but it is not practised by most sensible women; in Japan it forms part of the ordinary woman's daily toilette. This is the way in which it is done. A thick layer of white chalk is first smeared with a soft brush over the face, neck, shoulders, arms, and hands; then the pretty *mouseme*, dipping her first finger in red paint, gently rubs this on her cheeks, her temples, and over the upper eyelids. The middle finger is the "black brush," and adds sentiment to the expression by a blackening under the eyes; and sometimes when the eyebrows are not shaved it is also used to accentuate them. A piece of burnt cork is often used as a substitute for black paint. The fourth finger has no occupation that I know of, but the little one gives the finishing touches, brightening up the mouth with carmine, and adding a bit of gold on the lower lip. Most well-to-do women undergo this process

daily. The *guechas*, or singers and dancers, paint themselves to a much greater extent than the generality of women, and also use much brighter colors. The *guecha* in Japan is a curious institution. Her moral qualities, as a rule, do not bear very close examination, but she is usually not immoral enough to be called "fast," though too "fast" to be classed as "moral." Their music and posturing have a great charm for the Japanese, and large sums of money are spent in keeping up these feminine musicians and their establishments. A *guecha* is a singer or dancer (posturer) or both. A dinner party or a festivity of any kind is seldom given in Japan without one or more of them attending the entertainment. Some sing with self-accompaniment of the *shamesen*, others display their wonderful powers of mimicking and posturing, in which I must confess grace is never lacking. A long *kimono*, or long-sleeved gown; a carefully arranged *obi*, a wide sash tied into a knot at the back; and a pretty pair of white *tabi*, short socks with split toes, make up the graceful and simple attire in which they usually appear in the house. Their hair plastered down with camellia oil is a veritable work of art. It is carefully combed, oiled, and flattened behind the ears. A metal fastener at the lowest point of the curve thus produced keeps the hair flat in this position, and it is then raised again and fastened at the back of the head, first in a most elaborate twist, and then rolled up in graceful curves. A pretty, tasteful *kanzashi*, a long hairpin, is placed on the left side of the head, thus completing that part of a *guecha's* toilette. At private entertainments they indulge mostly in short dances, and often join in and partake freely of the food and the hot *sake* provided for the guests. Masks and fans are occasionally used in their weird and graceful posturing.

To return to the wretched imitations of Western clothes and ways. It is a shame that many a Japanese woman of the better classes has now discarded her neat, picturesque, national costume

for some awful ill-fitting dress of foreign make. Dress the prettiest Japanese woman in European style, and I do not know why, but she generally looks an awful sight. Partly, I suppose, it is because they do not know how to put on the dresses properly; but mainly, I think, it is because their physique does not lend itself to wearing our style of clothing. Many a wicked story is current in Japan of comical mistakes made by Japanese ladies in misplacing the different items of wearing apparel. The story goes of a certain marchioness who, having ordered a dress and underclothing in Paris, wrote to the milliner requesting her to pack the different articles in the order in which they were to be worn. The case reached its destination in safety, but was unfortunately opened at the wrong end, and the noble lady was seen at a garden party wearing her chemise, which she had put on the top of everything else, as a sort of a mantilla, as it was the last thing she found at the bottom of the case! I myself have seen, with my own eyes, a lady, occupying one of the highest positions in Tokyo, nearly suffocated through having put on her corset the wrong way up!

It is an every-day occurrence, especially in the streets of Tokyo, to see men wearing European boots and a bowler hat, while the rest of the body is only clad in what we generally use as underclothing; yet those men think themselves dressed just like Europeans. One of the great sights in Tokyo is to witness one of the emperor's garden parties. No one is allowed in the imperial garden unless he is wearing a frock coat and a tall hat. Sticks and umbrellas are deposited at the gate. By "a great sight" I do not mean that the garden is the centre of attraction, for, as gardens go, there are many private gardens that are infinitely more beautiful than the imperial one; but I mean the extraordinary collection of tall hats that one sees on that occasion. From the earliest known examples of "chimney-pots" down to the present fashion, specimens of all

shapes, height, and condition, can be seen on that memorable day. There is a custom in Japan to wear round the head or round the neck a pretty Japanese towel, a picturesque slip of painted cotton, much resembling a long and narrow handkerchief. It is used to prevent the perspiration from greasing the collar of their silk *kimonos*, and so far so good, but in their intention to be "quite European," when the picturesque native *kimono* is discarded for foreign out-of-date frock coat or a dilapidated evening dress, the native towel is also abandoned and replaced by a foreign Turkish towel, which is artistically wound round the neck like a *fichu*. Add to this a battered silk hat that was probably in fashion about forty years ago, and has been neither brushed nor ironed since, and you may imagine what guys these once so picturesquely attired people make of themselves in imitating us.

Here is an anecdote which showed me how shallow and superficial is the Japanese imitation of our complex Western civilization.

I was one day in a tram-car in the main street in Tokyo, and opposite me sat a spectacled youth, who at once entered in conversation with me.

"I am a student at the university," said he, searching his pockets, "and I possess an aneroid barometer."

"Oh," said I, "let me see it."

The aneroid was produced with a gleam of delight on his face, but what was my astonishment when, looking into it, I discovered that though we were not far from the seashore, and only a few feet above water level, the wonderful instrument marked an altitude of over four thousand feet.

"Good gracious," I remarked, "but there is something wrong with your aneroid. Does it always mark the same thing?"

"Yes, sir."

"But then what is the use of having a barometer that does not work? You cannot take any observations."

"No," answered he, quite perplexed; "I did not know that you could use it that way: but all we stu-

dents have one, as we think that all European students have one also ! ”

“ Upon my word,” was my exclamation ; “ and tell me, how much did you give for this wonderful instrument, and will you allow me to open it ? ”

“ Yes, sir, please,” was his polite answer, and he gave a grand bow as a sign of consent. “ It cost me very much, I think nearly two dollars.”

“ Two dollars ! You could not buy a good aneroid for twenty times that amount.”

I opened the back of the plated case, and astonishment was followed by amazement. The dial and the case of the instrument had been imitated to perfection, together with a counterfeit of the name of one of our best London firms of opticians, but inside there was absolutely nothing. The case was empty. No wonder that the hand never moved !

It was just like the Japanese. As long as the outside appearance was all right, what did it matter about anything else ? As long as the Japanese manufacturer could sell aneroids that were not aneroids, but looked like aneroids, and sell them at a price within reach of every student's purse, that was all he cared for ; and as long as every student was pleased at possessing a thing that was practically of no use, there was no one to blame but the students who were foolish enough not to know any better, and who, for the sake of appearance, wasted even those few shillings on a worthless object. This, of course, is only one instance out of ten thousand that I could bring forward of the Japanese superficiality in adopting our civilization. When the form is apparently right, it matters nothing to them whether the substance is or not.

Everybody knows that the Japanese, like all very artistic people, are extremely capricious, and within the last twenty years nearly every great European nation has been mimicked, especially in military matters, by the light-hearted subjects of the mikado. It is indeed a curious sight, when walking about the streets of Tokyo, to

see those minuscule cavalry soldiers, dressed up in exaggerated French uniforms, strolling about arm-in-arm with as many tiny infantry warriors, clad in strictly German style, with wasp-like waists and flat round caps ; while the naval personages are strict imitations, as far as the uniform goes, of British naval officers and men. But now, enough of imitations ; let us go back to some native customs, which are generally more picturesque and certainly quaint.

I went for a trip inland, and among other places I visited was the town of Nagoya, with its magnificent castle and its interesting temples. I had a queer experience there. I was standing in a curio-shop in the main street, bargaining for a sword which I wanted to get badly, but for which a prohibitive price was asked, when I heard the buzzing of a crowd approaching in the street. I looked out and perceived a funeral procession moving along slowly. Out I dashed, sketch-book in hand, and keeping my pencil hard at work, took rough notes of the different old-fashioned costumes and the strange hats the people wore. Two of the men, who appeared to be the chief mourners, taking apparently great interest in art, left the procession for a moment and begged to see the sketches I had done, with which kind request I was only too happy to comply. I always find that kindness goes a long way in any land, and on that particular day it really went a much longer way than I had hoped for. They took me gently by the arm and insisted on my following the procession with them, a thing that I did with all my heart. They were exceedingly polite, every now and then bowing down to the ground, “ for the great honor I was doing them in following with them the body of their deceased relation.” At least I believe they said so. In my rough, blunt, civilized manner, I assured them that “ nothing could have given me more pleasure,” and tried my best to bend my stiff English back to return their salute. Thus, preceded by a bonze who headed the procession, the hearse

carried by two strong coolies, in tight blue breeches and short coats, wearing huge circular straw hats, and two pretty maids dressed in white silk, who stood one on each side of the palanquin hearse, we slowly wound from one street into another, followed by nearly a hundred mourners, "rigged up" in a most extraordinary stiff grey gown with projecting shoulders, similar in shape to that worn by the daimios in olden days. They had divided skirts instead of the usual *kimono*, and wore straw sandals instead of the wooden clogs. Their faces were covered by a curious huge straw hat which, when laid on a flat surface, was perfectly round, but when worn was folded in the middle and tied under the chin with a ribbon, that had previously passed through the hat so as to keep it in position over the head. After nearly twenty minutes' walk we reached the temple door, and they seemed much gratified and pleased when, following their custom, I took off my boots and mounted the wooden steps, led by the hand by the two chief mourners. Meanwhile the palanquin hearse containing the body had been laid on the steps, and I was given the best place for seeing all that went on. The service then began and prayers were offered with a good deal of clapping of hands and tapping on the wooden bells, for the gods of Japan are not much given to listening to anybody's prayers unless their attention is first attracted in some such way. Seeing how perplexed I was as to what I should do, one of my new Japanese friends came to my rescue and made me kneel in the orthodox way in which the Duke of Argyll's children were painted saying their prayers, with my hands lifted up and folded. The service did not last long, in fact only a few minutes, and then sweets wrapped up in tissue paper were distributed to all the people present. After this we all came out of the temple, and from the platform round the house of worship the bonzes and the relations of the deceased threw sweets and cakes of rice to the crowd of children and

poor people who had assembled below, and had been anxiously waiting for the end of the service to come.

Then, when all this was over, the procession was re-formed, and we set out again. We walked and walked mile after mile through the streets of Nagoya, and then through country roads, between rice fields, until, just when the sun bid us farewell with his last rays, we finally arrived at the cremation place. It was no scientific arrangement like that of Kioto or Tokyo, where for the equivalent of six shillings you can be reduced to ashes in the latest European "first-class" fashion of crematory ovens, and where also, if you are of an economical disposition, you can procure yourself a much longer process of roasting of the "second class," that only costs you the modest sum of ninety *sen*, which reduced to English money at the present rate of exchange is, I think, about one shilling and ninepence! The cremation place that I was led to was one of the very old ones, where the process of destroying the body by fire was completed in a most primitive manner. It was a small single-roomed stone house about twelve feet square, with a cowl or chimney like a lime-kiln or the oasties used in Kent for drying hops. One wall was only a heavy wooden sliding-door. The long pole by which the hearse had been carried on the coolies' shoulders was removed, and with it the small wooden temple-like roof which covered the coffin. This was a square white deal box, in which the corpse was not lying flat, but was placed in a sitting position, and kept so with a ribbon that went round the waist and the knees.

The coffin was brought into the centre of the room and there placed on the two large stones, a few inches apart one from the other, and was covered with two straw mats. Here the most trying part of the ceremony began. Some straw and several pieces of wood were placed under the coffin, and a kind of sexton, whose dress consisted mainly of a gaudy pair of red breeches, lit a torch, which every one present

touched before it was applied to the fire, for such a precaution is supposed to bring immunity from death till old age is attained. The torch was then handed to the brother of the deceased, and he with a polite compliment handed it on to me, saying that as I was the guest it would greatly honor him and the deceased, if I would light the fire, which was to reduce his sister to ashes. To tell the truth I failed to see where the honor lay, but partly to oblige him as he had been so polite to me, partly because the straw-torch was burning fast and was beginning to burn my fingers, I complied with his request, and as gracefully as I could set the straw and wood on fire. I must say that I began to feel rather sorry for having joined the procession, for though I can see no harm in setting fire to a dead body, I hardly liked the idea of doing it. However, as it had to be done, I was quite equal to the occasion, and decided to stop to the last. The fire-wood began to crackle, and the flames rising higher and higher, playing round the coffin, turned it to a browner color, and soon after it began to burn. My eyes were fixed upon it, and they were soon to gaze at a ghastly spectacle. The coffin was a mere shell, as flimsy as cardboard, and was speedily licked up by the flames; there was a crack and—horrible to relate—the body of a young girl stretched itself out with a bound! The stench which ensued was very trying and disagreeable in the extreme. It was not a putrid smell, but resembled a great fire of feathers. It reminded me much of the singeing of a fowl, multiplied ten thousand times, especially when the girl's hair came in contact with the flames; it made a huge blaze, deforming her poor little face in a ghastly manner. The fumes made the nostrils burn, the eyes smart, and the throat choke, wherein I suppose lies the virtue of burnt feather for the purpose of reviving a person in a dead faint or dead drunk. Clouds of smoke soon enveloped us, and we all had to stoop lower and lower to let the fumes rise over our heads and thus avoid suffocation. As with my eyes

swollen and aching I looked round me, I could not help thinking that I was indeed witnessing a diabolical performance. There, lit up by the firelight, were all these men in their quaint costumes, with their heads lowered to the ground in order to breathe the last breath of air, coughing and half choked, and in front of them lay the body frizzling and quickly burning away, while Mr. Redbreeches, who apparently possessed all the good qualities formerly attributed to a salamander, went backwards and forwards, carrying fresh supplies of wood and straw to keep up the fire. At last the stench and the smoke became so unendurable that to my heart's delight we had to retreat, not, however, before the centre of the body had been burnt away, and the head, arms, and legs raked together and placed over fresh burning wood by our friend in red "unmentionables," who remained just outside the crematorium, with his eye against a chink, to dart in whenever fresh attentions were required. Of course until then we had been in the crematorium itself, with the body roasting in the midst of us, and if it had not been that I did not wish to show weakness, I would have gladly left the place at the beginning of the ghastly performance. It was a relief to get into the open air again.

We repaired to Mr. Redbreeches' house quite close by, and there we found the father and other relatives of the deceased girl, with the exception of the brother, who had come with me; and they seemed to be having a "rare good time," eating delicious sweets and drinking *sake*. Naturally, I was asked to join them, and it was a pleasant change after what I had just been witnessing. The two pretty girls in white silk—the color of mourning in the East—attended on me, and cakes and sweetmeats of all sorts, colors, and sizes were forced upon me, while *sake* was poured out in tiny cups and drunk somewhat freely by my companions of the yellow complexion. I took many sketches of their costumes, and they nearly went mad with delight—I must not omit to say that they

probably would not have been so enchanted if they had drunk less — each time that I showed them a fresh sketch out of my sketch-book. We became great friends there and then, and this meant another unexpected trial that I had to go through. It was a performance equivalent to our "breaking of bread" or "drinking each other's health," and with each one of the company I had to hold my cup for him to pour *sake* into it; then, taking the bottle, I had to pour the liquid into a cup that he or she held. Fortunately for me it was not necessary to drink the cup off each time, and a sip was sufficient. When the sweets were entirely consumed — for the Japanese always eat sweets before they eat their water-soup — I was further entertained to a banquet of Japanese food, and had my pockets stuffed with different eatables wrapped up in tissue-paper, which they kindly offered to me, and which it is very rude to refuse.

Then we walked back towards the town. It was long after sunset, and, therefore, pitch-dark; so we provided ourselves with paper lanterns, and, following the same narrow road that, I am sorry to say, a good many of our party had great difficulty in keeping to, I was conducted to the private house of my hosts of that afternoon. Here, again, my boots were removed and grand bows offered and returned to each separate member of the household, who with their extreme courteousness did not forget to welcome me to their house, and expressed their happiness in receiving me within their paper walls. In one of the rooms a little Buddhist shrine had been erected, and numerous candles had been lighted round it. They led me by the hand to it, and here, too, they asked me to kneel on a silk *foutang*. A short service and prayers were again offered to the gods, and again I was directed to lift my hands and fold them in front of my nose, as I had done before on that afternoon. I entered as much as I could into the spirit of the thing, and prayed with my new friends, who seemed to appreciate it greatly. The

whole affair did not last very long, and we all adjourned to another room, where a regular feast was awaiting us. Several high brass candlesticks, with thick candles burning in them, lit up the room; and it was a picturesque sight to see those Japanese sitting down on their heels, though in many cases their clean, stiffened costumes did not look quite as stiff, nor quite as tidy, as they did a few hours previously. On each tiny little table, for each person had a separate one, there was a bowl of soup, there was raw fish, *daikon*, and sweet beans, and, of course, the inevitable bowl of rice; then sweets in profusion, and numberless little bottles of warmed *sake*. It was a very merry party — not at all like a funeral one — and jokes of all sorts were cracked, and everybody went into fits of laughter; but as it was getting rather late, I bade them good-bye, and asked the host and his son to a European supper with me at the half-foreign hotel where I was staying. One of them declined owing to his being very tired, but six other persons accepted my invitation without having been asked! However, I was pleased to see them; and we all went over to my hotel, where the cook was roused from his slumbers and made to exert his brains in the newly acquired art of foreign cooking.

The dinner caused them the greatest amusement, as they had never tried such a one before. They thought that each plate of soup was different; so one, after tasting his plate, would pass it on to the next, as in the mad tea-party in "Alice in Wonderland." They were equally amused with the way in which the sauce was served with the fish.

One of them could manage his fork and knife pretty well, but the rest were rather poor hands at it; one especially, a Buddhist bonze, wounded his throat rather badly, having misjudged the length of his fork. Another impaled his whole portion of fish on a fork, and then drew it off bit by bit with his fingers. At this stage about twenty other uninvited guests rushed in to

share the new experience of a foreign meal ; but as luck would have it for my purse, the hotel larder was exhausted, and no fresh supplies could be got till the next day, so I entertained them to *sake*, beer—which they called *birru*—and mashed potatoes, in which they revelled, and of which each individual wrapped up a little in tissue paper and stored it in his sleeve pocket, to show his admiration of foreign cooking. Bread also was very popular. As I was thus entertaining my noisy guests, the father of the deceased entered the room and presented me with a neat box of sweetmeats, tied with a pretty gold ribbon, and a card in the shape of an arrow, which sign accompanies nearly all gifts in the land of the Rising Sun, as they say that it brings with it happiness, long life, and joy. The delight of the poor old man was great when I sat down to the table and drew him a pen-and-ink sketch of the funeral procession of his daughter, with which I presented him, together with one or two European articles that he saw in my room and that took his fancy. The sketch produced such a sensation among my guests that they forsook “what was coming” of the dinner, and dragged me back again to their house. Though I was very tired I submitted with a very good grace to their invitation, for I did not feel quite sure how many more might turn up if the dinner was brought to its legitimate conclusion. Besides, a Japanese sitting on a chair is no more the graceful being that he is when squatting on the ground, and I was afraid if they stopped much longer, I should have a bill sent in for smashed furniture. More *sake* and tea-drinking went on, and finally, towards midnight, I was able to part from my new friends, not without having thanked them heartily for the “enjoyment” they had given me during that afternoon. I retired to my room and went to bed ; and, of course, you will say—you had a nightmare ; but no, I had not. I slept peacefully all night, and though for several days I could not get the bad smell out of my nose and my clothes, I was not sorry

that, among other experiences, I was now able to count that of having seen such a primitive mode of doing away with the dead.

Another of the quaintest sights in Japan is a fire. Hundreds of houses are often burned in the space of a few hours, and little or nothing can be done to stop the progress of the flames, especially on a windy day. If you except the roof, which is made of tiles, Japanese houses are built entirely of straw, wood, bamboo, and paper. In the poorer districts houses are packed close together, and therefore if one happens to catch fire sometimes the whole street is burned down with incredible rapidity, and the fire only stops at some open space where it cannot possibly spread further. It is not unusual in Tokyo, or some of the larger towns, to hear of a thousand or even more houses having been destroyed in an afternoon or during the night. No one is more afraid of fires than the Japanese, and high ladders are posted at short intervals all over the towns and in all the larger villages, on the top of which ladders a watchman sits all night, and in case of fire rings a large bell hanging from the top. If rung at long intervals, the fire is distant, and one need not worry oneself about turning out of one's *fou-tangs* ; if rung a little quicker, the fire is not far, but there need be no apprehension ; but if the bell is vigorously and quickly tolled, then you may as well say good-bye to your house, because in perhaps a few minutes it will be reduced to a mass of ashes. The Japanese are wonderful at turning out at all hours of the night, even for going to look at a fire, and men, women, and children in the coldest nights in winter think nothing of walking five or six miles to go and look at a big blaze. If the fire happens to be near, the excitement increases in proportion to the probability of one's house being burnt down. You see people half scared and screaming, getting water wherever they can in pails, wash-basins, tubs, or anything they can lay hold of, and throwing it all over the woodwork so

as to diminish the chances of its catching fire. Then as the fire draws nearer, and the only water available has already been consumed, the process of saving what one can is put into practice. The *amido*, or wooden shutters, and the *shojis*, paper walls, are quickly taken down and brought into a safe place; the mats are lifted out of their places, and, with the few articles of furniture, are quickly removed; so that when the fire comes it only destroys the wooden frame of the house and the roof—that is all. It is seldom that life is lost in these fires, except sometimes when children or old people are unable to move, and, once surrounded by flames, they cannot be reached and often perish.

The sight of a fire in Japan is rather pretty. I remember seeing a beautiful one at Osaka, the "Venice of Japan," for, like her Italian sister, she is intersected by a wide river and by numerous canals. The hotel I was staying at was on the river embankment, and if I remember aright, it was the night after Christmas. I was peacefully sleeping when the fire-bell, hastily rung, woke me up. I bounded from my bed and looked out of the *shojis*. It was a lovely sight! Against the dark sky a huge flame rose towering up on the opposite bank of the river, and a column of black smoke stood perpendicularly in the perfectly still air. Hundreds of lanterns of different sizes and colors, carried by men, women, and children seemed to be racing along the embankment and over the bridges. The reflection of the fire and of all the other moving lights in the water, gave a most fantastic appearance to the spectacle I was gazing upon. I took a sketch of it as well as I could, and then having dressed proceeded to the spot. Through the kindness of a policeman I was able to get quite close to the working firemen, and their work was a source of great amusement to me. They were not excited over it at all, on the contrary, I never saw men so cool.

The majority of them were squatted down on the ground warming their hands on some of the fallen beams still on fire, others were quietly smoking their tiny pipes, while the officers were chatting among themselves, not a bit concerned about what was going on, and puffing away at cigarettes. There were a good few who were busy with the hose, but they amused themselves in giving the spectators cold *douches* rather than by trying to put out the fire. A few amateur firemen were struggling hard with an old-fashioned toy pump, but the water had to be brought up from the river in buckets and thrown into the pump, and by the time the next bucketful arrived, the pumps had been three or four minutes without a drop of water! They wore very picturesque costumes, but unfortunately, like most things picturesque, they were more ornamental than useful.

The city of Tokyo possesses small steam fire-engines, that are run all over the town on every possible occasion; and I remember one day at a great fire near the quarter of Akasaka, one of these engines was taken so near the flames that the wheels caught fire, and it was reduced to a wreck before the careless firemen had time to notice that instead of their putting out the fire, the fire was devouring their valuable machine!

However, there is no doubt that the Japanese have a certain amount of natural intelligence, though they unfortunately possess no stability of character. When, as years go on, their capricious and somewhat childish nature shall have somewhat altered and become more serious; when, instead of taking things lightly as they have done till now, they will go to work to adapt Western civilization to themselves instead of adapting themselves to Western civilization, I am certain that, both as individuals and as a nation, the Japanese will have a great future before them.

A. HENRY SAVAGE-LANDOR.

From The Gentleman's Magazine.

BRIGANDAGE PAST AND PRESENT.

IT is not so very long ago that in the Italian mainland brigands might be studied in the flesh. A Southern Italian of about sixty told me, not long ago, that he well remembered a case of capture by brigands near Salerno. An English *milordo* was known to intend visiting Pæstum. The band lay in wait for him, seizing by mistake another traveller, whose name was Moëns, my acquaintance assured me; but foreign surnames are not his strong point. Mr. Moëns was kept prisoner for weeks, during which time, he told my informant, he visited every grotto and hiding-place in the La Cava and Salerno mountains, the brigands flitting about for fear of a rescue. But, in spite of rarely spending two nights in the same lair, it was no hard life! They were hospitable fellows those Italian Robin Hoods. Every evening they sang for Moëns, and sang splendidly. They provided him with much meat, which they toasted lightly on wooden sticks before their burning logs, to please his English palate; and they regaled him with tea—of all the unlikely things to find in Salernian caves! (They thoughtfully *stole it* for him from passing travellers.) By the help of his entertainers, the Englishman communicated with the English ambassador, and the ambassador with the home government. The brigands demanded a ransom of £3,000. English diplomacy said: "Put down your brigands. Restore to this nation her citizen." Italian diplomacy replied: "We can't!"—only, of course, both sides used diplomatic language. Meantime, the brigands, from a safe distance, kept up a sort of chorus: "You can have him for £3,000;" and their government, in fear of English gunboats, agreed to pay the ransom!

The "high contracting parties" arranged that seven of the outlaws should descend to a particular point upon the highway, where a carriage should be in waiting. The money would be handed over to the seven; their prisoner to use the carriage for his journey to Naples.

A body of *carabinieri* were to be drawn up just out of gun-shot range, lest the prisoner and the gold should both return to the mountains. They were *friends*, seven friends, that escorted Moëns to his carriage. Each of them drew a ring off his finger and presented it to the guest. (Brigands, forty years ago, were so happily placed that they could renew their supply of rings within a week or two during the tourist season; hence these keepsakes were less valuable as marks of generosity and sacrifice than as simple tokens of kindly feeling!) The captive, like a more famous prisoner, confessed that he "regained his freedom with a sigh." He had had a very enjoyable time with his captors. That is the fact of the matter; and he freely admitted as much. Indeed, the middle-class Englishman found himself in much more polished society than that to which he was accustomed. Who, in his own circle, were such accomplished musicians? Who had such graceful ways, such ingenious kindness for guests? Who—to descend to minutæ—could bow or smile with such exquisite courtliness as even the least of these knights of the road? No, no! The modern Italians who pick and steal are not kith and kin of the historic brigands!

To prove that it is not "these degenerate days" that make of Dick Turpin a common thief, I beg to offer a little anecdote of brigands in Sicily. I have it from "a friend of the family"—that is to say, almost from the principal actors. It is a *Fra-Diavolo*-like story. A German lady told me that about four years ago a family of compatriots of hers rented a villa for the season near Palermo. All the elders were imperatively, and quite unexpectedly, summoned home, but a convalescent daughter could only leave the south at the risk of her life. What were these poor people to do? Every one said the country "was so unsafe;" life and property were "not respected at all." My friend's friends consulted a neighbor who knew Sicily long and well, and they received this strange advice: "Call upon the brigands; say you

confide in their honor; that you leave your villa and the young lady in their keeping—all will then be well." And all *was* well! Nightly one or other of the dreaded band would call to inquire after the health of the convalescent. Fresh flowers were presented on each occasion. After a while the brigands sang a serenade. Judging it to have been appreciated, from time to time they repeated their musical attention. The girl felt that these indeed must be "the mildest-mannered [men] that ever cut a throat." Needless to say, the gentle brigands never troubled any person, and never appropriated

any property, belonging to that villa. When, two years later, the *signorina tedesca* was about to be married, her friendly outlaws sent her a pretty and valuable present! Whose property had that present previously been? Who were the former owners of Mr. Moëns' seven rings? And did these questions trouble Moëns or the bride from the Fatherland? If so, I am sure both beneficiaries said, and truly felt: "How kind of those nice fellows, all the same!" "Le Roi des Montagnes," to one who knows the truth about brigands, does not seem screaming farce at all; it reads like history!

THE OLDEST WATERING-PLACE IN THE WORLD. — The oldest watering-place in the world is within a five hours' carriage drive from Rome, and is situated on the Lake of Bracciano, celebrated for the castle which bears its name, and now the property of the Odescalchi family. Close to the castle is a little hamlet, called Vicarello, supposed to have taken its name from Vicus Aurelii, and remarkable for the ruins of an imperial villa, attributed to Trajan. It is also known for its mineral waters, once called *Aquæ Auraliæ*, but now called by their primitive name of *Aquæ Apollinariæ*, of the Antonine Itinerary. It was not till the year 1852 that the real name of the waters was known; and this is how it took place: Some workmen were employed in excavating the ground for the foundations of a new establishment, when they came upon a reservoir, full of mineral waters, which were covered by a vault of Etruscan workmanship. This vault was immediately removed, and the water pumped out. This done, it was observed that the bottom of the reservoir was occupied by a dense mass of gold, silver, bronze, and other metallic coins, etc. Fortunately, every precaution was taken to remove these coins, etc., in the order they were found; and upwards of a ton in weight of these coins, etc., were thus extracted. The upper layer consisted of coins bearing the effigy of the Roman emperors up to Trajan; under these came more ancient types of coins; and underneath these came those massive coins known as *æs grave signatum*. Finally

came a stratum of *æs rude*, a kind of copper dice, such as were first used as exchange in the beginning of the history of money; and the place occupied by the *æs rude* gave evidence of an epoch prior to the first civilization of Etruria. I must add that, even under this most ancient layer of *æs rude*, there were still earlier votive offerings in the form of flint implements. Here then was a bathing establishment dating back to centuries before the foundation of Rome; and the baths still in so perfect a state that not one of their offerings had been displaced. These successive deposits of coins and other objects represented the offerings of those who drank, or those who bathed in the waters. They were called *stipæ*, and were offered as much to solicit the naiads for recovery as to thank them after recovery. During the Emperor Augustus's illness, every order of the people threw *stipæ* yearly in the Curtius Lake, to beseech for Augustus's health. ("Omnes ordines in lacum Curtii quotannis pro salute ejus stipem jaciebant.")

E. D. Berry, in "Atalanta."

MIRROR MENUS. — The newest freak of fashion in Paris is a looking-glass stand for the menu. Ladies can see how they look at table. Madame Heine took the other day to her daughter, the Princess of Monaco, four dozen of these mirrors, with frames in repoussé silver of exquisite workmanship. The fashion has come from Russia.



The Uses of Cod-liver Oil

are devoted in a large measure to all those ailments which are indicated by impoverished or diseased blood, with the consequent wasting of tissue and strength. The germs of disease, like the germs of Scrofula and Consumption, are overcome through the blood by the same properties in Cod-liver Oil that cure Anæmia, which is impoverished blood. Cod-liver Oil is a food that makes the blood rich and free from disease.

The Problem,

however, is how to feed the blood with the properties of Cod-liver Oil without taxing the digestive organs, and without nausea. The solution of this problem is *Scott's Emulsion*. No other form of Cod-liver Oil is so effective. The only way to insure a prompt assimilation of Cod-liver Oil is to take it in the form of an emulsion,—but there are emulsions and emulsions. *Scott's Emulsion* has only one standard—the highest. It contains only the first grade of Norway oil, and an experience of twenty years has made it a *perfect emulsion*. The oil is evenly and minutely divided, its taste is completely disguised, and it is not only easy on the stomach but it actually aids digestion and stimulates the appetite. Any physician will tell you why this is so. Told in a few words, the reason is that *Scott's Emulsion* supplies principles of food the stomach ought to have in order to digest other foods properly.

A Testimonial.

N. Y. PRACTICAL AID SOCIETY,
327 West 36th St.

MESSRS. SCOTT & BOWNE,

New York, Oct. 16, 1894.

Gentlemen:—I desire to express my sincere thanks to you for what Scott's Emulsion has done for many that have applied to this Society for aid. One year ago a woman who had been sick for nineteen months with Rheumatism and was almost helpless, came to us for aid. I gave her a bottle of Scott's Emulsion. She began to improve. She took in all five bottles and to-day is a perfectly well woman; weighs 198 pounds, and has been cooking since last May (for she is a cook). I have a young lady in one of the large dry goods stores to-day, that could not work without Scott's Emulsion. She was given up with consumption. These are only two of many cases. You can refer to me at any time. I am using it all the time and would not be without it. Babies grow fat, fair and beautiful with its use, and mothers grow strong and healthy while nursing if they will use it. More than this is true of your invaluable remedy. I wish the whole world knew this as well as I do.

Very respectfully yours,

Mrs. L. A. GOODWIN, Supt.

Scott's Emulsion cannot be duplicated by a druggist. Don't take substitutes. Get the best—*Scott's Emulsion*—and get the best results. Send for pamphlet. FREE.

Scott & Bowne, New York, City. All Druggists. 50 Cents and \$1.

THE NEW-CHURCH REVIEW

A Quarterly Journal of the Christian Thought
and Life set forth from the Scriptures by
EMANUEL SWEDENBORG.

160 pp. 8vo. Issued the first of January,
April, July, and October.

The doctrines contained in the writings of SWEDENBORG are of the broadest scope, dealing with the subjects of the Divine Being, His Incarnation in the person of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Glorification of His Human, His Second Coming by the opening of the internal sense of His Word, the spiritual nature of man and the order of his creation and regeneration, the spiritual world as man's eternal abode and as the world of causes from which all things in nature come forth as effects, the universality of the Divine Providence and its relation to permitted evils, and the relation of gentile religions to Christianity.

THE REVIEW seeks to give expression to these teachings, and stands ready to recognize whatever is hopeful and progressive in the religious world and in the fields of literature and science.

Single Numbers, 50 Cents.
Yearly Subscription, \$2.00.

MASSACHUSETTS NEW-CHURCH UNION

Publishers,

16 ARLINGTON ST., BOSTON.

Current Literature

is the largest and best eclectic magazine published. It is devoted exclusively to the literature and events of the day. No one who desires to keep posted can afford to be without it. It should be in every home.

Price 25 cents. Subscription
\$3.00 per year. Sample Copies
10 cents each. NONE FREE.

A subscription to CURRENT LITERATURE is a delightful Christmas present.

"If I were limited by price to one magazine I should take CURRENT LITERATURE. If I were lacking time to read the standard magazines, in their stead I should take CURRENT LITERATURE and not feel their loss."

—Memphis Graphic.

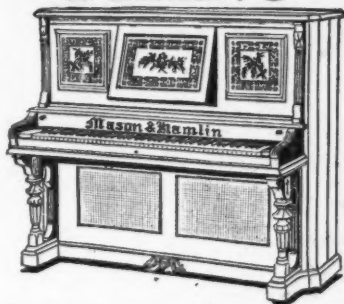
"No other magazine takes the place of CURRENT LITERATURE on the book table."—Boston Traveler.

CURRENT LITERATURE PUBLISHING CO.,
52-54 Lafayette Place, New York.

The Current Literature for one year, and to new subscribers, The Living Age from Oct. 1, '94, to Dec. 31, '95, will be sent, ppd., for only \$9.

Highest Honors at Chicago, 1893.

THE Mason & Hamlin PIANO



Mason & Hamlin Pianos represent the highest degree of excellence; the finest material; most skilled labor; most durable construction; purest musical tone; most elegant case work and design; used and endorsed by schools, conservatories, artists, teachers, and the public generally.

Instruments Sold for Cash and Easy Payments.

Fully illustrated catalogues and full particulars mailed on application.

MASON & HAMLIN ORGAN AND PIANO CO.
BOSTON, NEW YORK, CHICAGO, KANSAS CITY.

AMERICAN JOURNAL OF SCIENCE.

Founded by Professor Silliman in 1818.

Devoted to Chemistry, Physics, Geology,
Physical Geography, Mineralogy,
Natural History, Astronomy
and Meteorology.

Editors: JAMES D. DANA and EDWARD S. DANA.

Associate Editors: GEORGE L. GOODALE, and JOHN TROWBRIDGE, of Cambridge, H. A. NEWTON, A. E. VERRILL and H. S. WILLIAMS, of Yale, and G. F. BARKER, of the University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia.

Two volumes of 480 pages each, published annually in MONTHLY NUMBERS.

This Journal ended its first series of 50 volumes as a quarterly in 1845, and its second series of 50 volumes as a two-monthly in 1870. The monthly series commenced in 1871.

Subscription price \$6. 50 cents a number. A few sets on sale of the first and second series.

Ten volume index numbers on hand for the second and third series. The index to volume XXXI to XL (3d series) was issued in January, 1891; price 75 cents.

Address the PROPRIETORS,

J. D. & E. S. DANA, New Haven, Conn.

EMERSON PIANOS { 116 Boylston Street, Boston.
92 Fifth Avenue, New York.
218 Wabash Avenue, Chicago.

